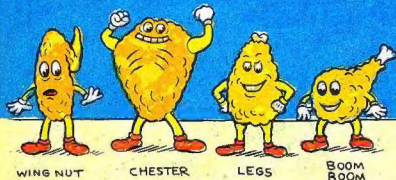


SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES

THE
ADVENTURE
CONTINUES



WING NUT

CHESTER

LEGS

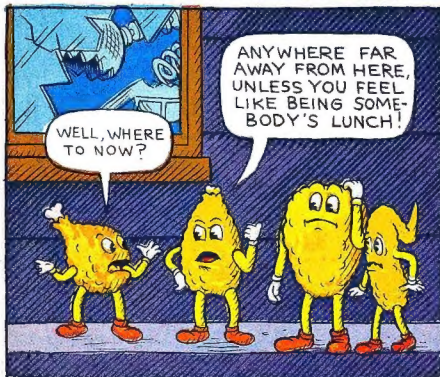
BOOM BOOM

A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!

OUR STORY SO FAR

A LIGHTNING BOLT STRIKES DR. COSMO VON FRANKENSTEIN'S LABORATORY, WHICH ACCIDENTALLY BRINGS HIS FRIED CHICKEN LUNCH TO LIFE!

DAZED AND CONFUSED, THE POULTRY PIECES ESCAPE INTO THE NIGHT....



WELL, WHERE TO NOW?

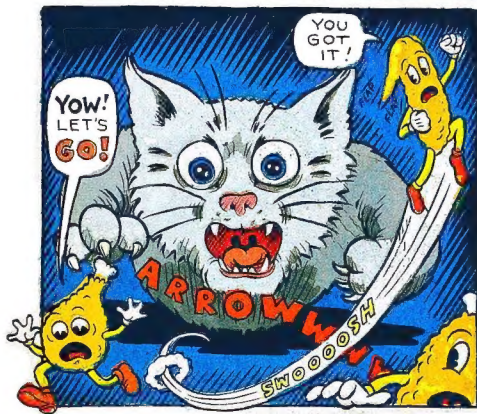
ANYWHERE FAR AWAY FROM HERE, UNLESS YOU FEEL LIKE BEING SOMEBODY'S LUNCH!



IT'S BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE THAT'S WHAT EVERYBODY'S GOT IN MIND!

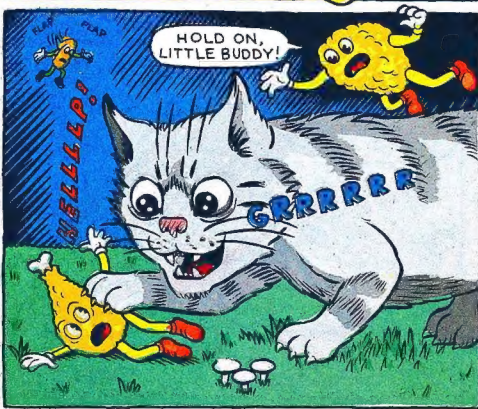
WHOOPS!

UH OH!



Yow! LET'S GO!

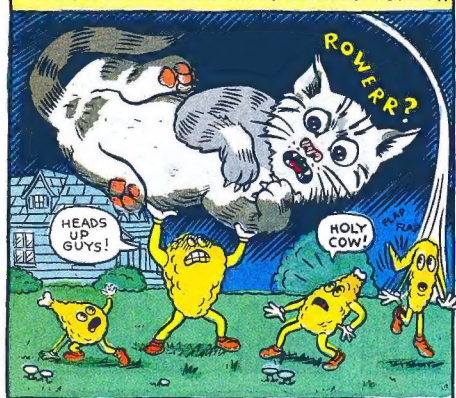
YOU GOT IT!



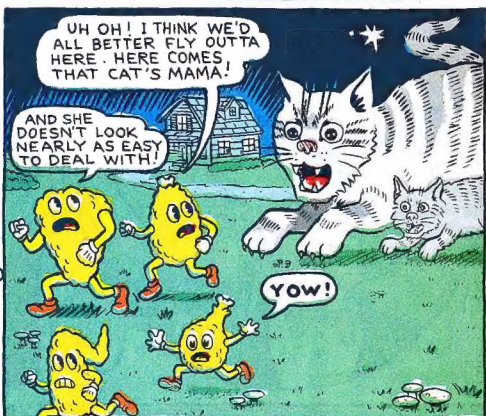
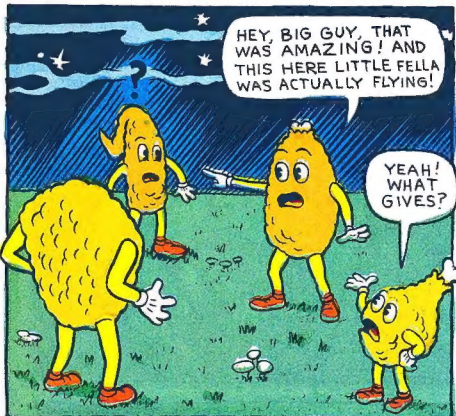
HOLD ON, LITTLE BUDDY!

HELPPP!

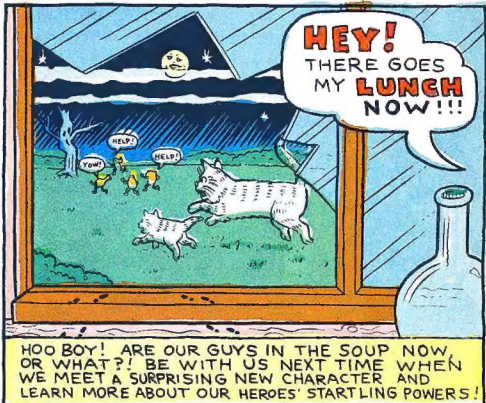
CHESTER DISPLAYS INCREDIBLE STRENGTH



...WITH ASTONISHING RESULTS!



MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE LABORATORY, DR. COSMO STILL SEARCHES FOR HIS LUNCH.



SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES

THE
ADVENTURE
CONTINUES



WING NUT CHESTER LEGS BOOM BOOM

A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!

YOU THINK YOU HAVE TROUBLES?
THINK AGAIN. IMAGINE YOU WERE A DELICIOUS-SMELLING PIECE OF FRIED CHICKEN AND EVERYWHERE YOU WENT SOMEBODY WANTED TO EAT YOU! WELL, THAT'S JUST THE PROBLEM OUR HEROES HAVE TO LIVE WITH EVERY DAY! YOU MAY REMEMBER, WHEN WE LEFT THE BOYS LAST TIME THEY WERE BEING CHASED BY A PAIR OF HUNGRY FELINES...



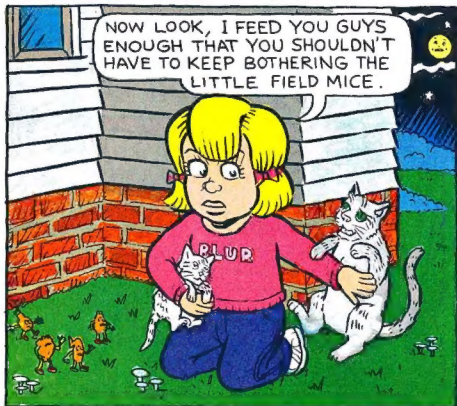
CORNERED!



TOUGHY! BANDIT! YOU STOP THAT THIS INSTANT!!



NOW LOOK, I FEED YOU GUYS ENOUGH THAT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TO KEEP BOTHERING THE LITTLE FIELD MICE.

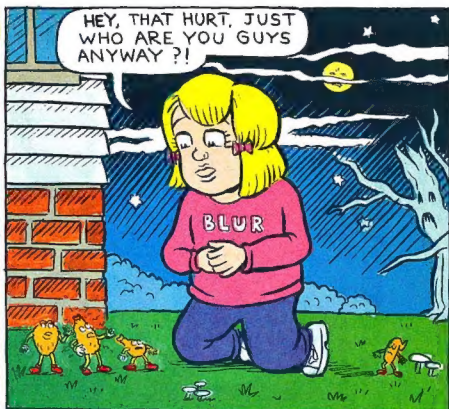
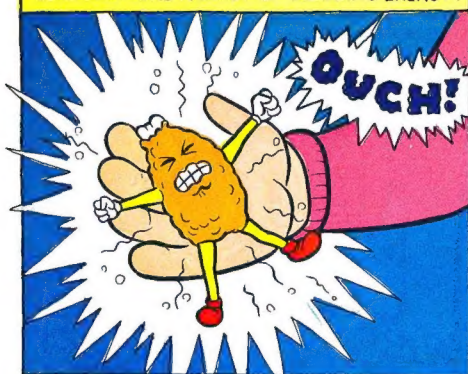


HEY, WAIT A MINUTE, THESE GUYS AREN'T FURRY, THEY'RE FRIED! WHAT GIVES?!

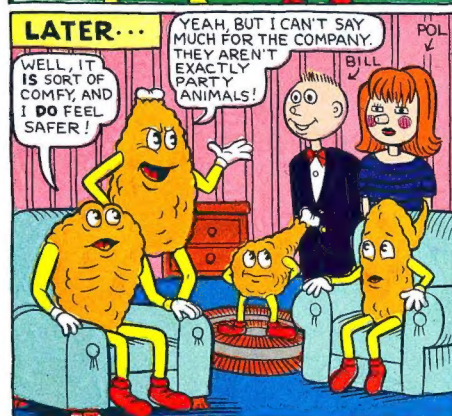
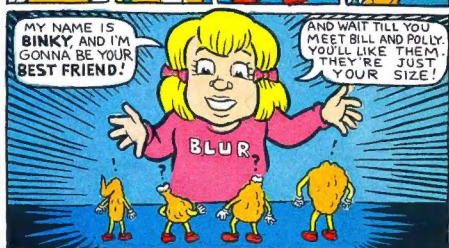
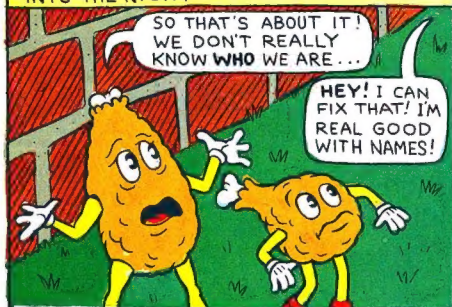
HEY!
LET GO!



LEGS DELIVERS A BLAST OF SIZZLING ENERGY!



TO THE BEST OF THEIR ABILITY, THE BOYS RELATE THE TALE OF THEIR SUDDEN BIRTH IN THE LABORATORY, FROM THE CHANCE BOLT OF LIGHTNING, TO THEIR MAD DASH INTO THE NIGHT...



LIVING IN A DOLLHOUSE DOESN'T SEEM LIKE THE MOST THRILLING SITUATION FOR OUR HEROES TO FIND THEMSELVES IN, BUT LOOKS CAN BE DECEIVING. NEXT, AN UNEXPECTED TWIST!

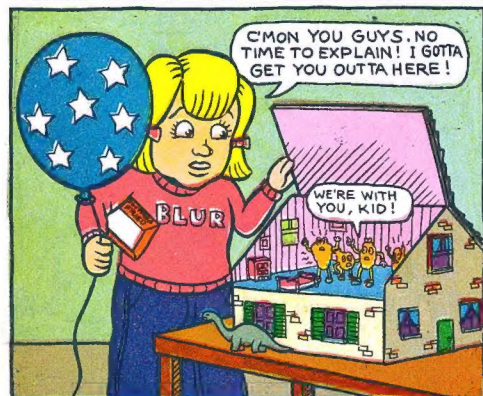
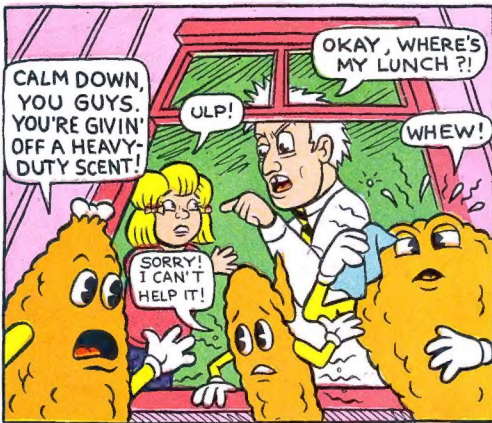
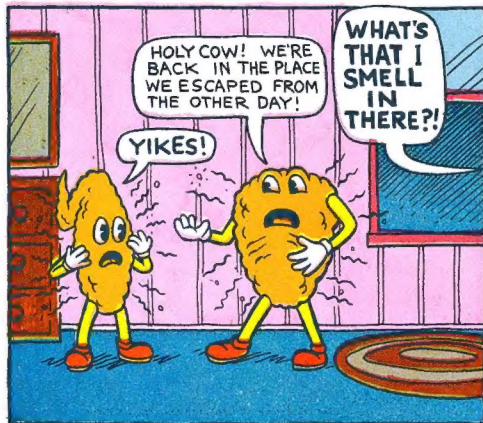
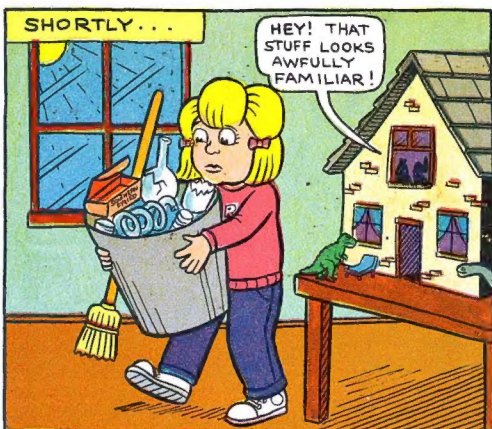
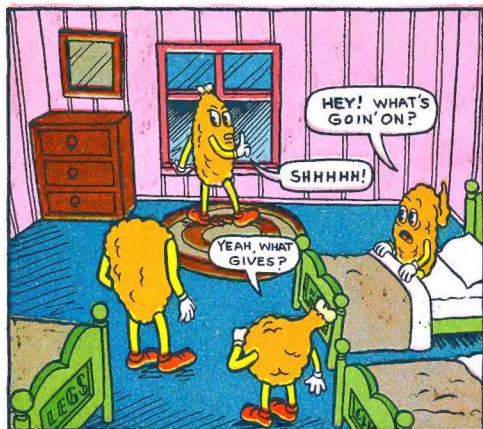
THE
ADVENTURE
CONTINUES



THERE'S BEEN AN ACCIDENT IN MY LABORATORY. I WANT YOU TO CLEAN IT UP.

YES, FATHER.

FATHER?



FINALLY OUR BOYS HAVE SEEN THE LAST OF THE HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN (WE HOPE), AS THEY ARE BORNE UPON THE WIND HEADED TOWARD NEW, EXCITING ADVENTURES. PERHAPS THEY'LL SHOW UP IN YOUR HOMETOWN!

©1994 KIM AND SIMON DEITCH

AN UNUSUAL TALE FROM THE SECRET JOURNALS OF THE FRANKENSTEIN FAMILY!

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES

FIT TO
BE FRIED
AND READY
TO RHUMBA!

READ ABOUT
THEIR AWE-
INSPIRING
ORIGINS!

LEGS

CHESTER

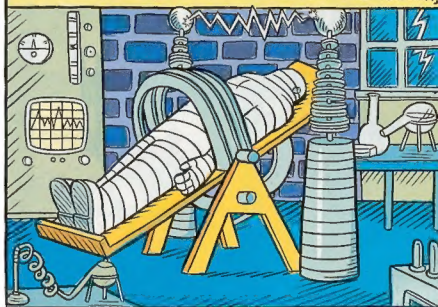
BOOM
BOOM

WING NUT

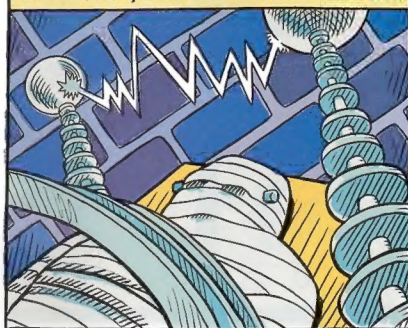
AS A STORM RAGES OVER THE MYSTERIOUS
OLD HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF TOWN...



AT A CRUCIAL POINT IN A SINISTER
EXPERIMENT GOING ON IN THE BASEMENT LABORATORY,

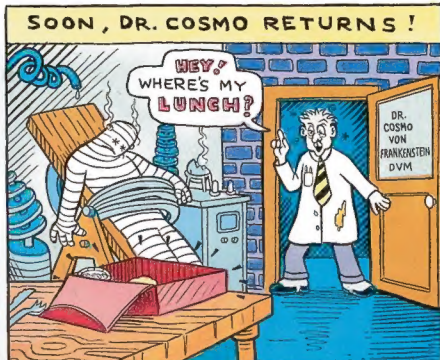
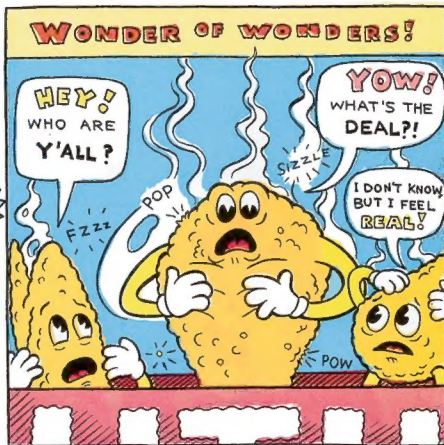
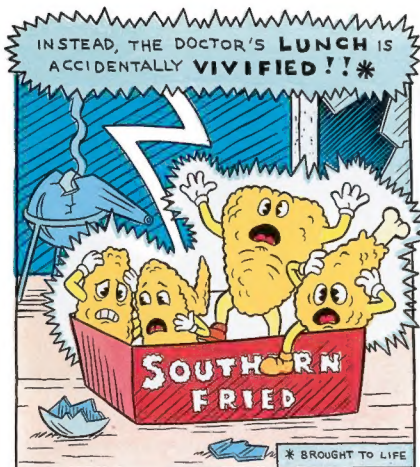


THE ARC OF LIFE CRACKLES ABOVE THE
SILENT FORM, WAITING TO WORK ITS WONDERS.



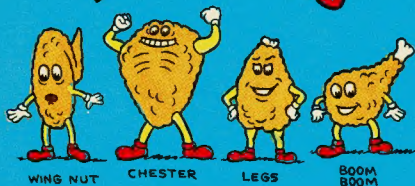
BUT FATE STEPS IN WITH IDEAS OF ITS
OWN AS A SUDDEN FREAK ACCIDENT CAUSES
THE ARC TO MISS ITS INTENDED TARGET...





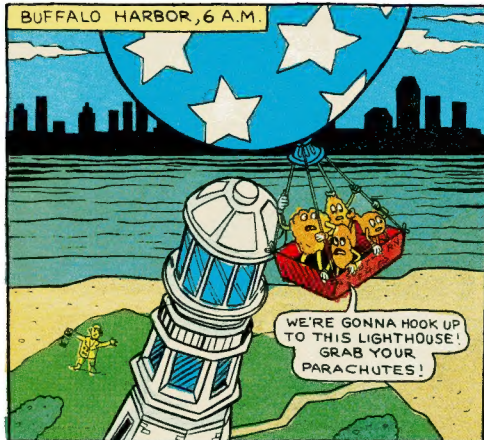
THE NEW ADVENTURES OF THE

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES

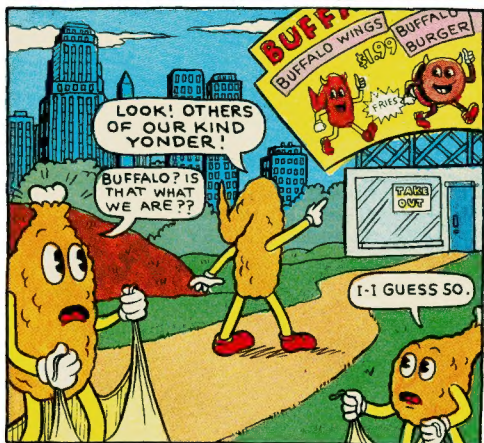
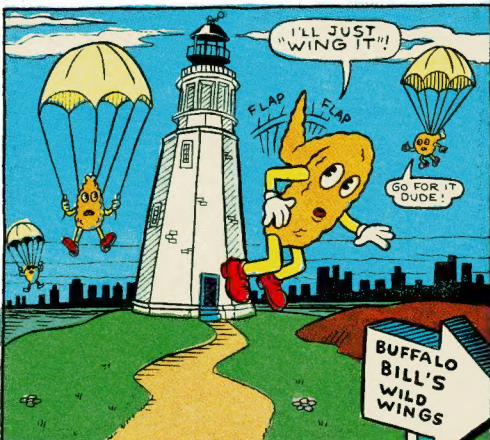


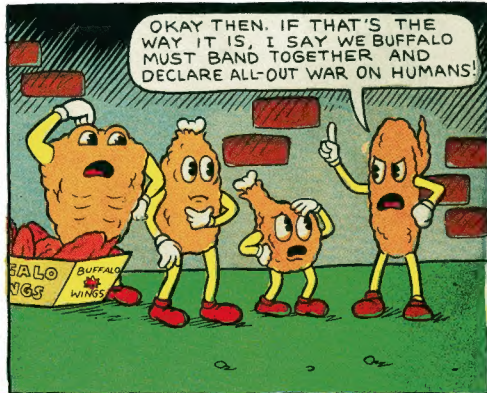
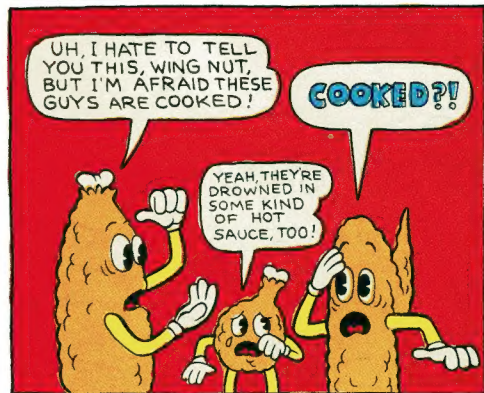
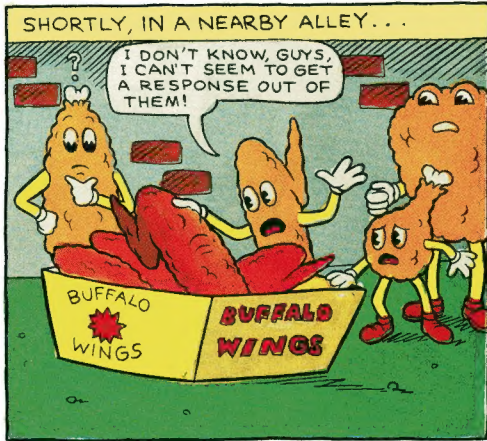
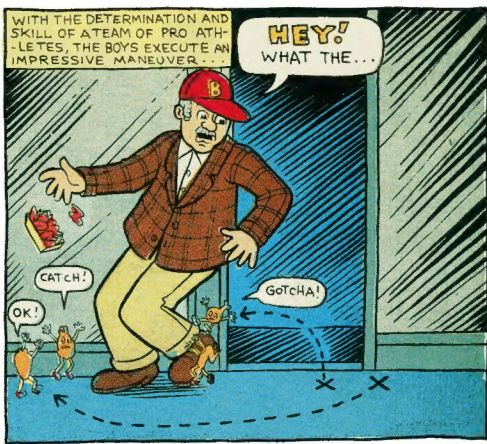
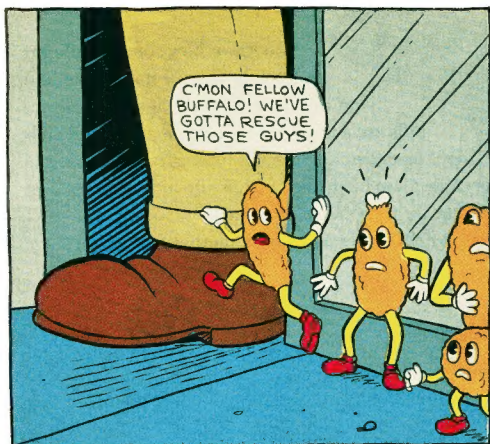
A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!

BUFFALO HARBOR, 6 A.M.

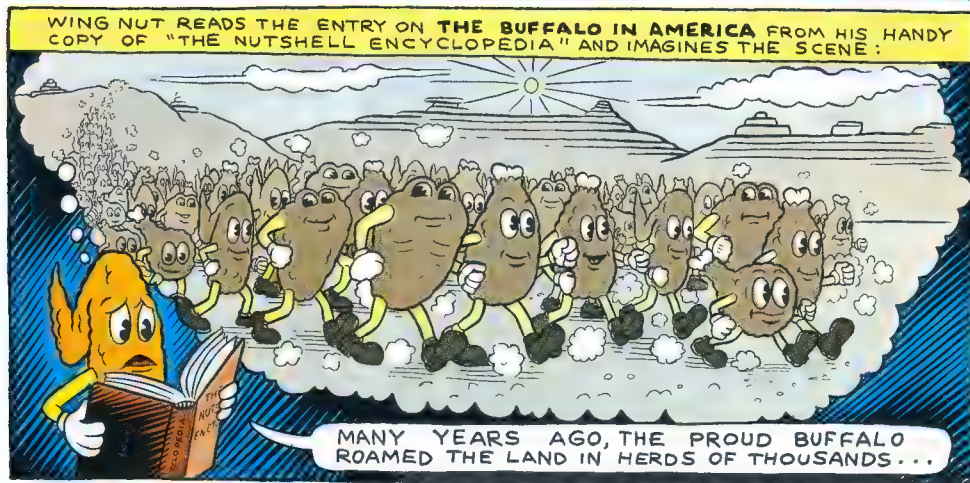
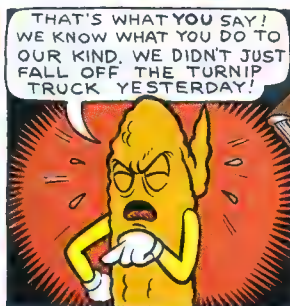
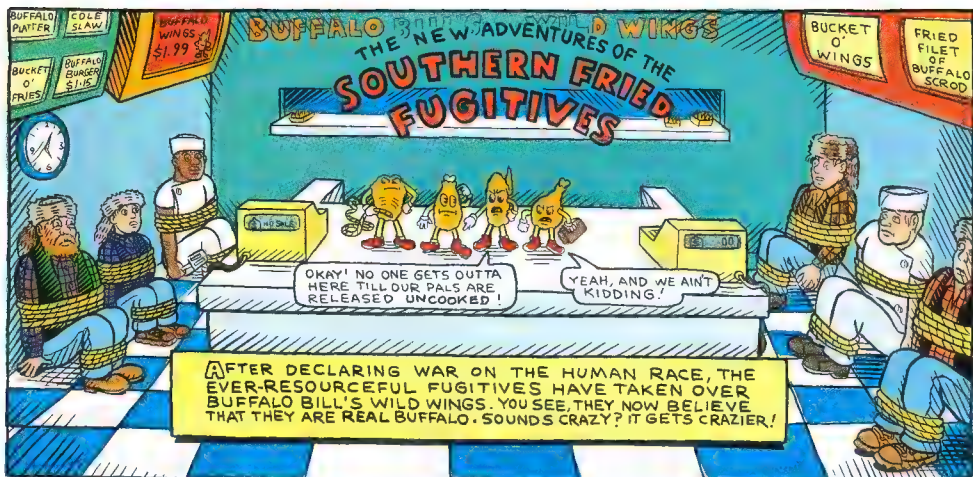


WITH THE AID OF THEIR YOUNG FRIEND BINKY, THE BOYS ESCAPE FROM DR. COSMO VON FRANKENSTEIN ONCE AND FOR ALL. AFTER SEVERAL DAYS AND NIGHTS OF AIMLESS DRIFTING, OUR ADVENTUROUS QUARTET FIND THEMSELVES FLOATING ABOVE THE BUFFALO, NEW YORK, HARBOR.



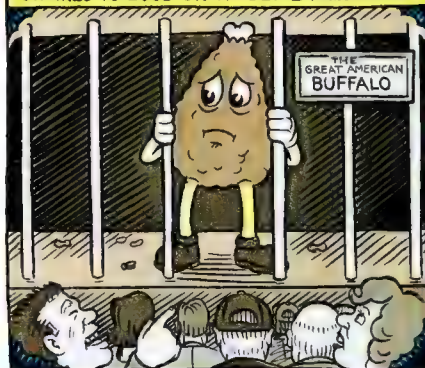


WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE OUR BOYS ARE CLEARLY CONFUSED - AND THINGS ARE BOUND TO GET WORSE BEFORE THEY HAVE A CHANCE TO GET ANY BETTER. BE WITH US NEXT TIME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!

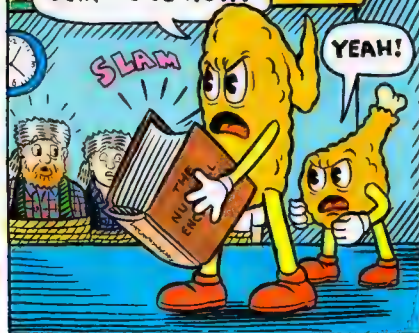




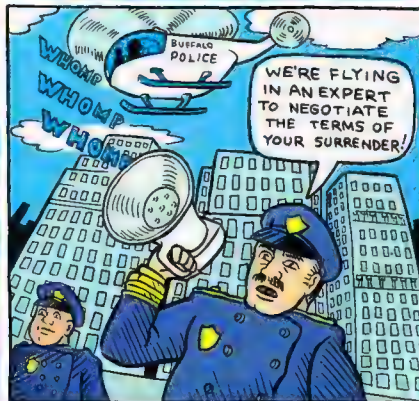
TODAY, THE FEW THAT ARE LEFT ARE CONFINED TO ZOOS OR WILDLIFE PRESERVES...



... NOT TO MENTION WHAT YOU GUYS ARE DOIN' TO US NOW!



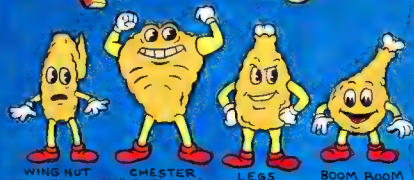
JUST THEN THE "WAR" IS INTERRUPTED BY LOCAL LAW ENFORCEMENT...



UH OH! LOOKS LIKE THE BOYS ARE IN FOR IT NOW! AND WHO COULD THE MYSTERIOUS "EXPERT" BE? JOIN US NEXT TIME FOR THE SURPRISING ANSWER!

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF THE

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES



WING NUT CHESTER LEGS BOOM BOOM

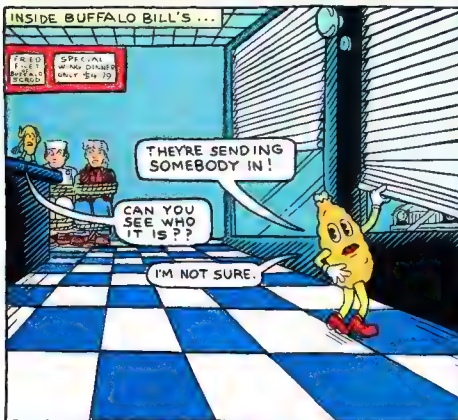
A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK ON
THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!

LAST EPISODE, OUR "HEROES" GOT INVOLVED IN A CONFUSING HOSTAGE SITUATION. MISTAKING THEMSELVES FOR THE "BUFFALO" USED TO COOK UP SERVINGS OF "BUFFALO WINGS," THEY HAVE TAKEN OVER A FAST FOOD RESTAURANT, HOPING TO FREE OTHERS OF THEIR KIND BEFORE THEY GET COOKED!

THE POLICE HAVE THE PLACE SURROUNDED AND ARE SENDING IN AN EXPERT IN HOSTAGE NEGOTIATION. WHO COULD IT BE?



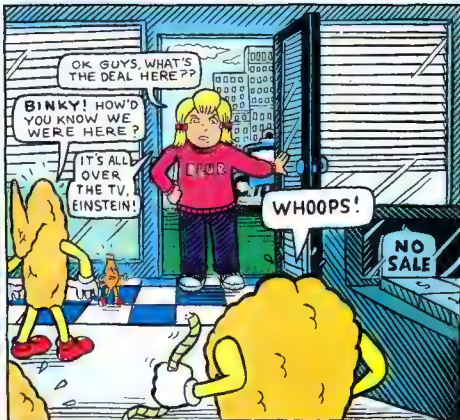
INSIDE BUFFALO BILL'S ...



THEY'RE SENDING SOMEBODY IN!

CAN YOU SEE WHO IT IS??

I'M NOT SURE.



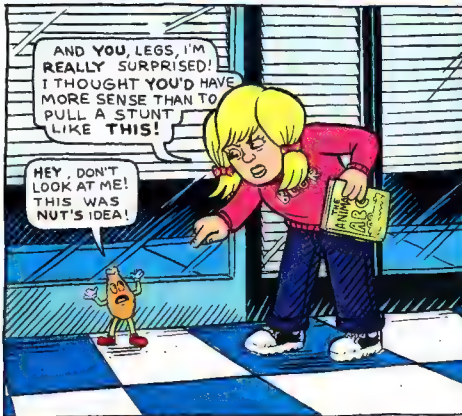
OK GUYS, WHAT'S THE DEAL HERE??

BINKY! HOW'D YOU KNOW WE WERE HERE?

IT'S ALL OVER THE TV, EINSTEIN!

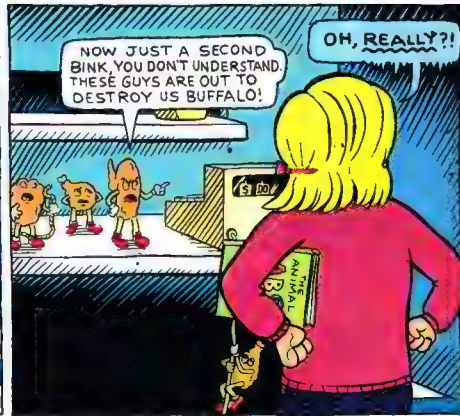
WHOOPS!

NO SALE



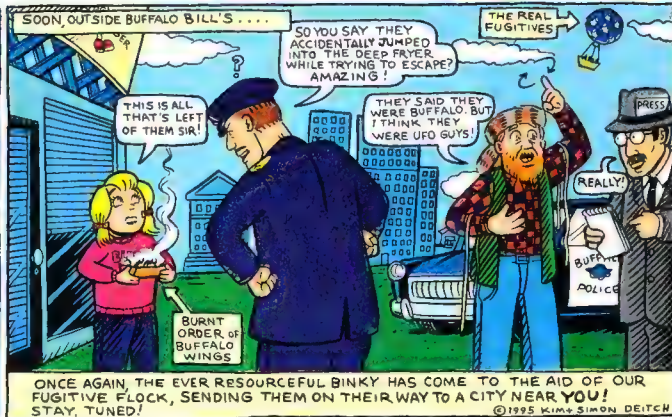
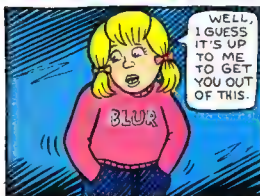
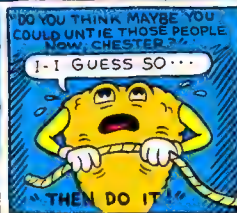
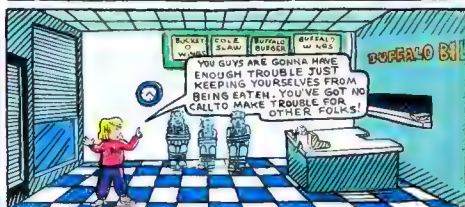
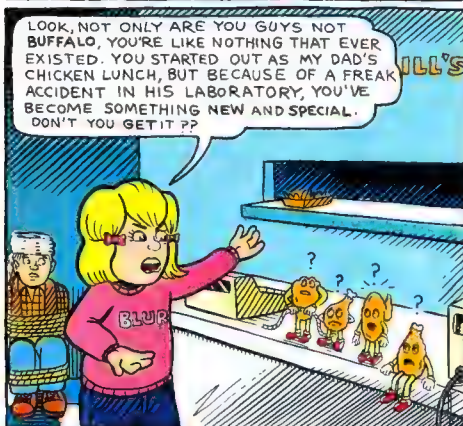
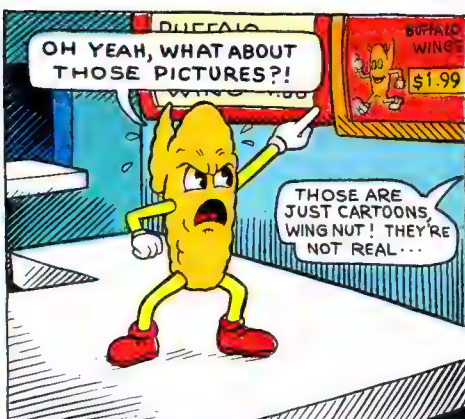
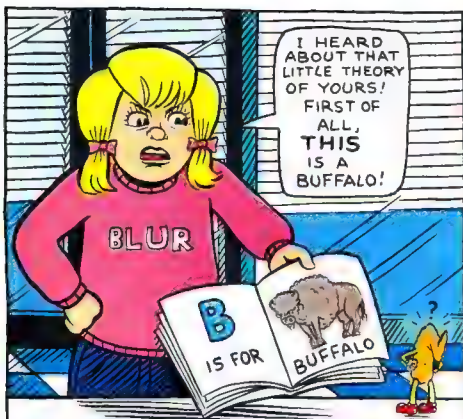
AND YOU, LEGS, I'M REALLY SURPRISED! I THOUGHT YOU'D HAVE MORE SENSE THAN TO PULL A STUNT LIKE THIS!

HEY, DON'T LOOK AT ME! THIS WAS NUT'S IDEA!



OH, REALLY?!

NOW JUST A SECOND BINK, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. THESE GUYS ARE OUT TO DESTROY US BUFFALO!



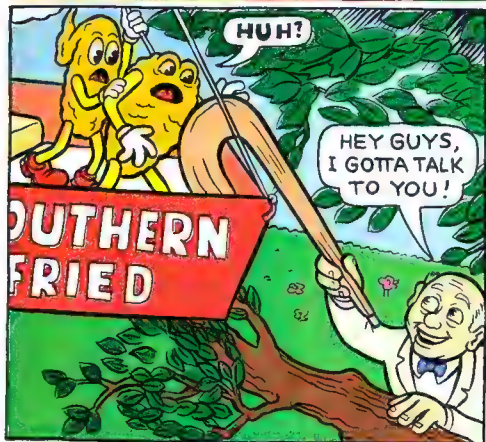
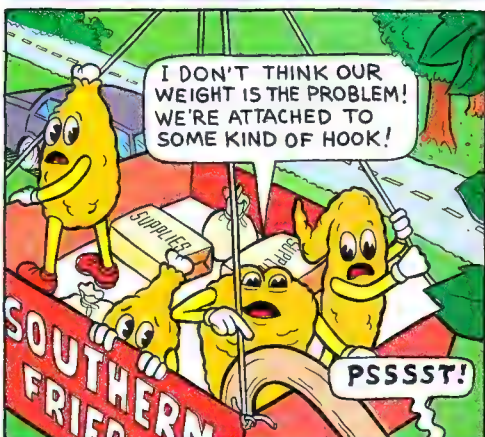
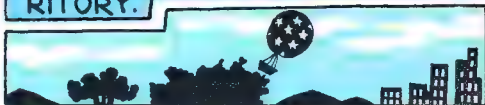
THE NEW ADVENTURES OF THE

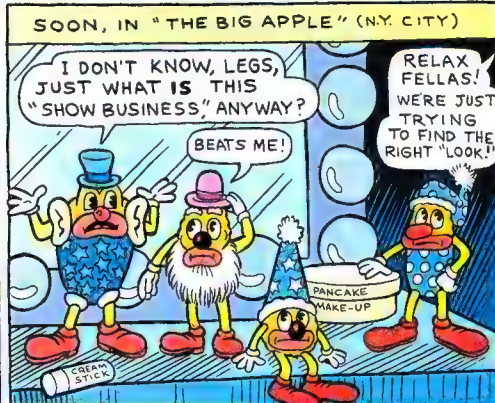
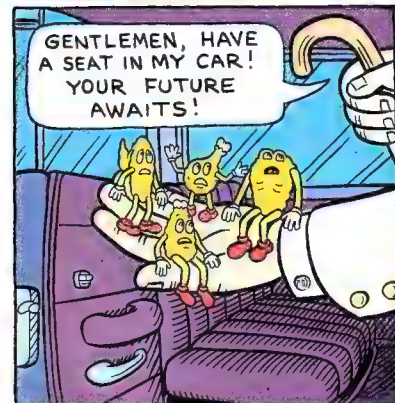
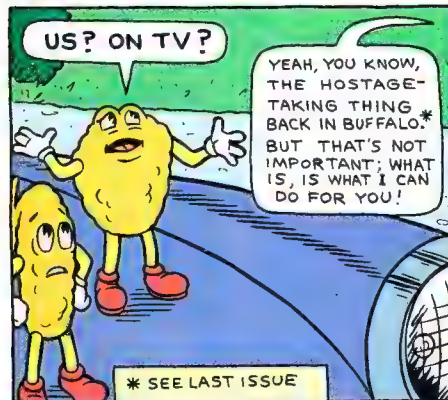
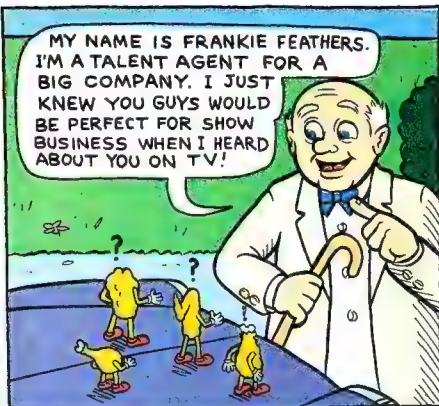
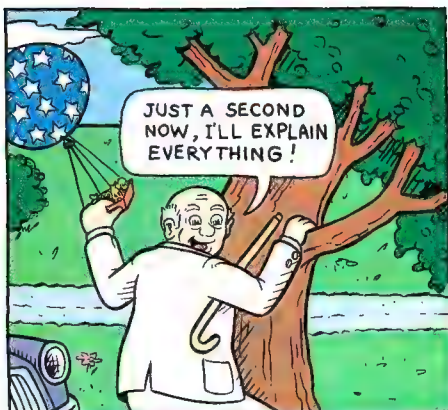
SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES



A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!

AFTER A CLOSE BRUSH WITH THE LAW IN BUFFALO, NY, THE BOYS ARE ONCE AGAIN RESCUED BY THEIR GOOD FRIEND, BINKY. AFTER BEING SENT ALOFT IN ONE OF BINKY'S MAKESHIFT BALLOONS, THEY FIND THEMSELVES LOSING ALTITUDE OVER UNKNOWN TERRITORY.





ARE OUR BOYS DESTINED FOR GREATNESS!? OR WILL THE ROAD TO STARDOM LEAD THEM INTO BIG TROUBLE? BE HERE NEXT TIME AND FIND OUT! © 1995 BY KIM AND SIMON DEITCH

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF THE

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES



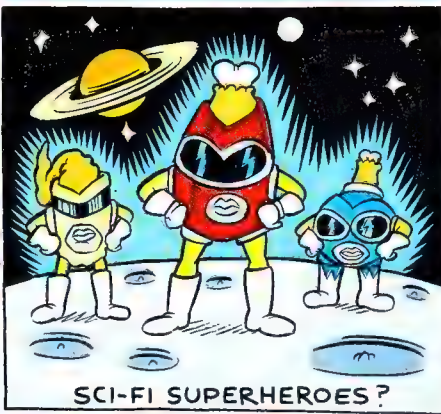
A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK ON
THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!

AT THE PHOTO STUDIO, THE SEARCH FOR
THEIR "NEW LOOK" BEGINS IN EARNEST...

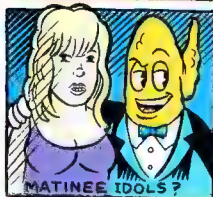


ROCK STARS?

AS WE LAST LEFT THE
BOYS, THEY HAD JUST MET
UP WITH ONE FRANKIE FEATHERS,
TALENT AGENT, WHO PROMISED
THEM FAME AND RICHES IN
"THE BIG APPLE" (N.Y. CITY).



SCI-FI SUPERHEROES?



MATINEE IDOLS?



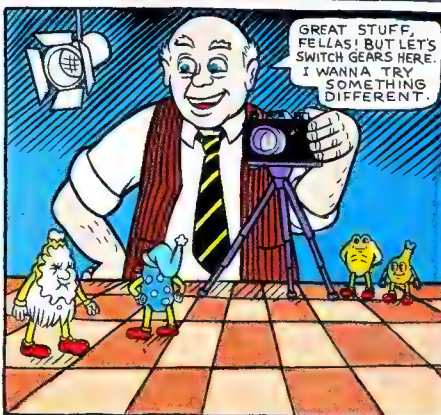
COWBOYS?



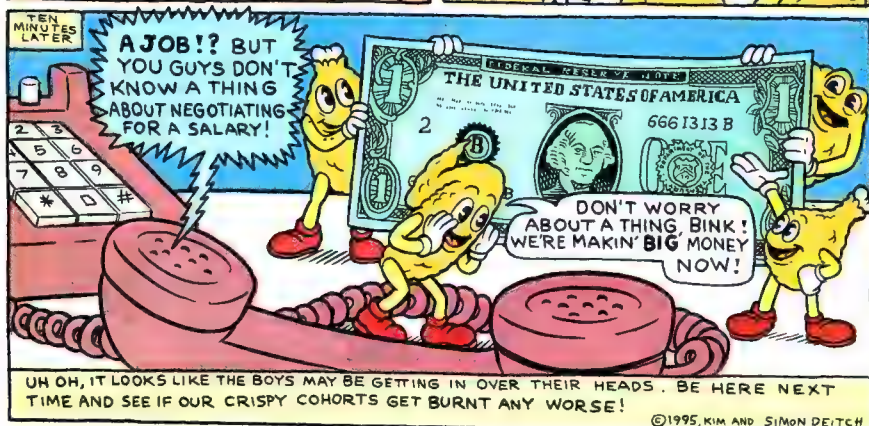
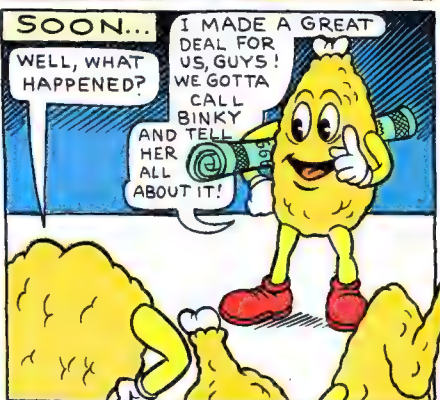
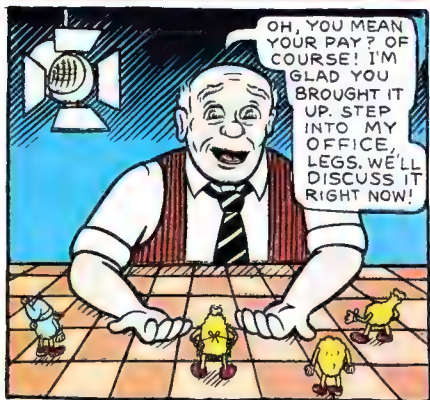
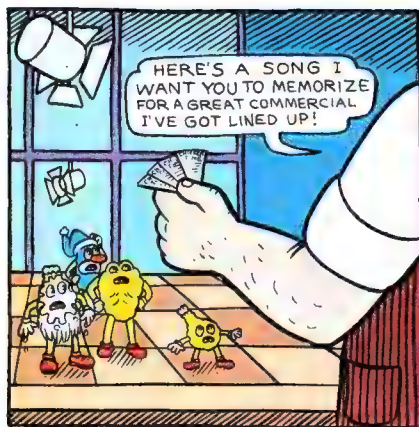
SONG AND DANCE MEN?

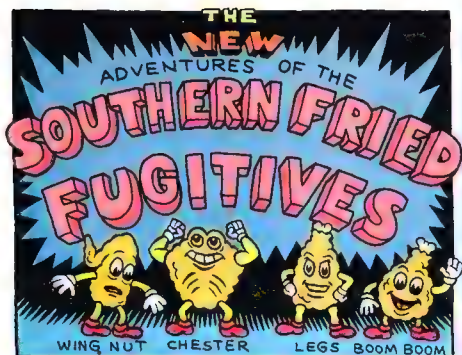


HIGH COMEDY?



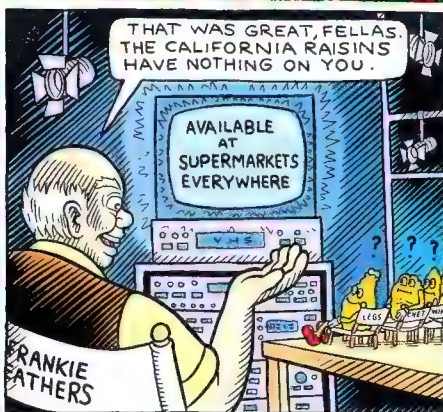
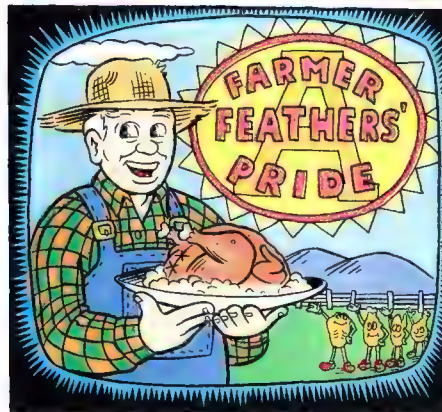
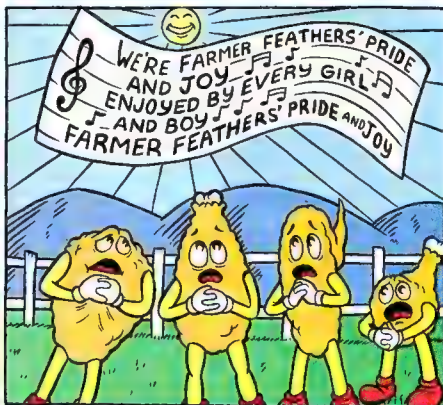
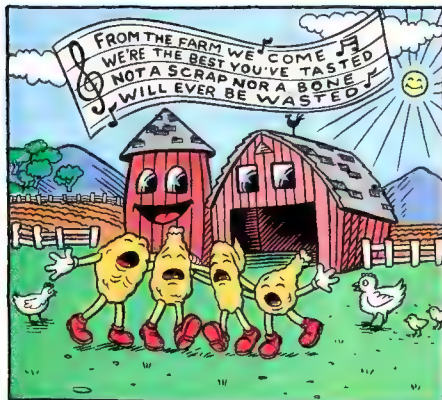
GREAT STUFF,
FELLAS! BUT LET'S
SWITCH GEARS HERE.
I WANNA TRY
SOMETHING
DIFFERENT.





A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK ON
THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!

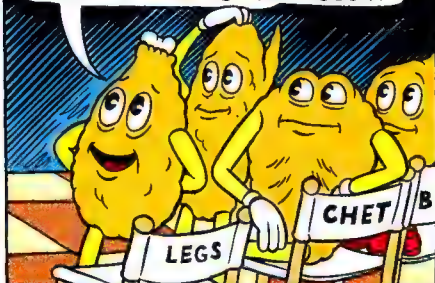
THE BOYS ARE NOW WORKING
FOR FRANKIE FEATHERS,
PART-TIME PRESS AGENT AND
CHICKEN MOGUL. AS WE JOIN
THEM, THEY ARE WATCHING
THE FIRST OF THEIR
COMMERCIALS FOR MR.
FEATHERS' CHICKEN COMPANY...



THIS IS GONNA KNOCK
MY COMPETITION FOR A LOOP!
JUST THINK! IT COST ME
NOTHING FOR SPECIAL EFFECTS!
IT'LL YA, I'M A GENIUS!!



WE'RE GLAD YOU LIKED IT,
MR. FEATHERS! WE HAD FUN
MAKING IT, TOO.
BUT MAYBE YOU COULD TELL
US WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT.



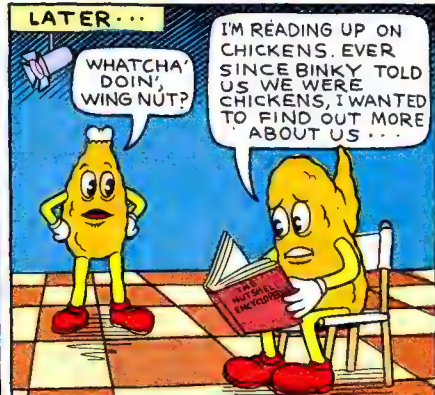
SURE, GUYS, I'LL
BRING YOU UP TO
THE FARM TO-
MORROW AND SHOW
YOU THE CHICKEN
BUSINESS. AFTER
ALL, YOU'RE AN
IMPORTANT PART
OF THE COMPANY
NOW!



LATER...

WHATCHA
DOIN',
WING NUT?

I'M READING UP ON
CHICKENS. EVER
SINCE BINKY TOLD
US WE WERE
CHICKENS, I WANTED
TO FIND OUT MORE
ABOUT US...



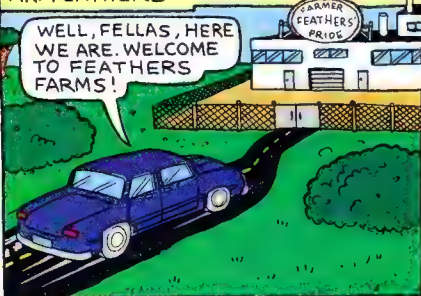
YEAH, SO WHAT
DID YOU FIND OUT?

WELL, IT LOOKS
LIKE WE'RE
GOING TO START
LAYING EGGS AT
SOME POINT...



THE NEXT MORNING, THE BOYS DRIVE
UP TO THE CHICKEN FARM WITH
MR. FEATHERS.

WELL, FELLAS, HERE
WE ARE. WELCOME
TO FEATHERS
FARMS!



NEXT: OUR HEROES GET THE REAL
LOWDOWN ABOUT THE CHICKEN
BUSINESS. WHAT WILL THEY MAKE
OF THE TRUTH??

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF THE

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES



WING NUT

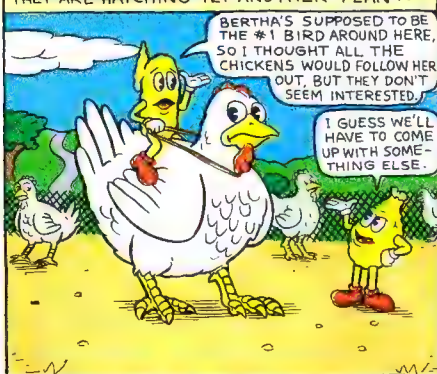
CHESTER

LESS

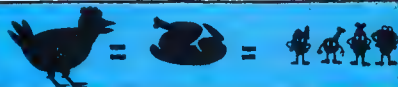
BOOM BOOM

A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK. ON
THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!

AS WE JOIN THE BOYS IN THE CHICKEN YARD,
THEY ARE HATCHING YET ANOTHER PLAN...

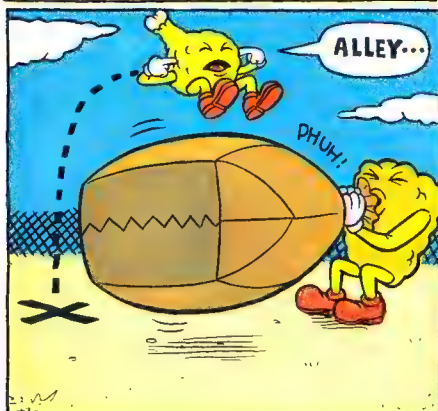
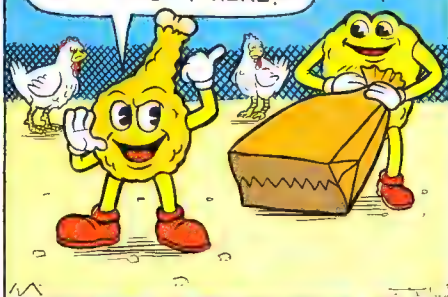


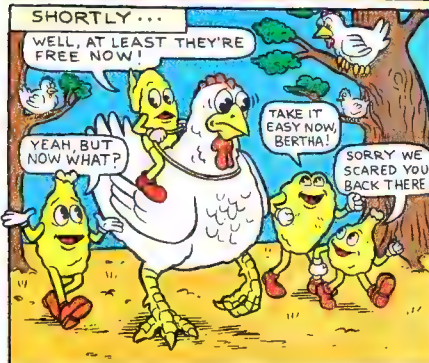
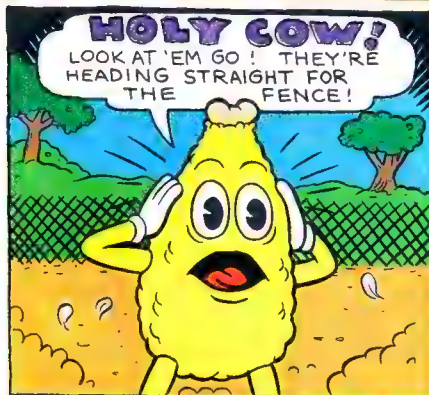
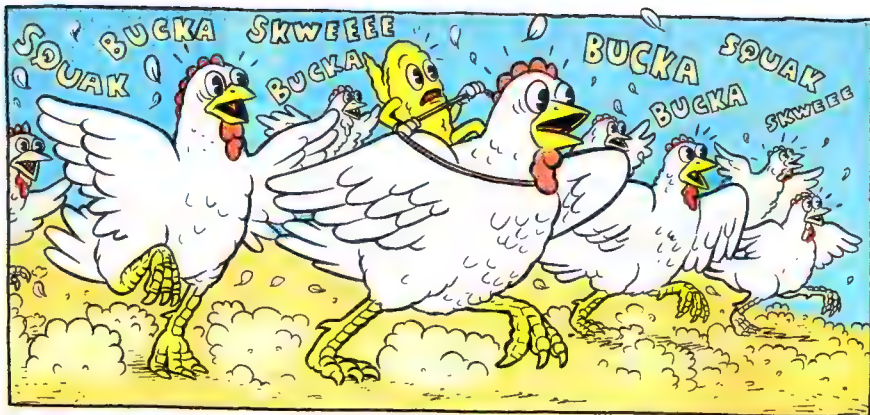
AFTER LEARNING FIRSTHAND OF THEIR
KINSHIP TO CHICKENS, AS WELL AS
WHAT HAPPENS TO BIRDS IN THE
CHICKEN INDUSTRY, THE BOYS
HAVE SWORN TO DO EVERYTHING
IN THEIR POWER TO SET THE
CHICKENS FREE. BUT SO FAR,
THIS HAS BEEN EASIER SAID THAN
DONE....



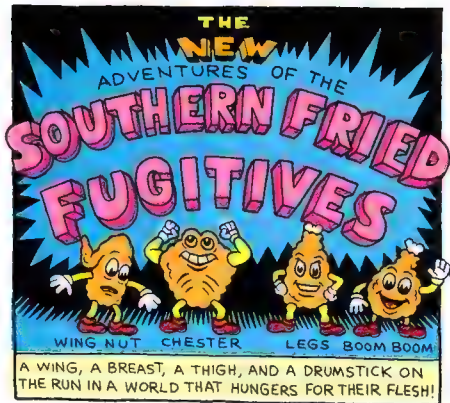
HEY, GUYS! I THINK
MAYBE CHET AND I CAN GET
THINGS ROLLING WITH THIS
PAPER BAG HERE!

LET'S
GIVE IT
A SHOT!





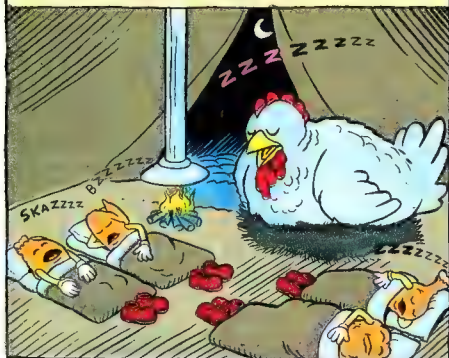
OH WELL, I GUESS YOU CAN'T MAKE **EVERYBODY** HAPPY NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO... BE WITH US NEXT TIME FOR MORE ROLLICING ADVENTURES!



AFTER STAGING AN EXPLOSIVE ESCAPE FROM FARMER FEATHERS' CHICKEN YARD, THE BOYS SETTLE INTO A QUIET EXISTENCE, CAMPING OUT ALONG COUNTRY BACK ROADS WITH THEIR NEWFOUND FRIEND, A PRIZED CHICKEN NAMED BERTHA.



BERTHA AND THE BOYS SETTLE IN FOR A WELL-EARNED SLEEP....



LATER IN THE EVENING, WING NUT AWAKENS SUDDENLY....

HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON? WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CAMPFIRE??



URRUHH?

HUH?

WHAT'S THAT??

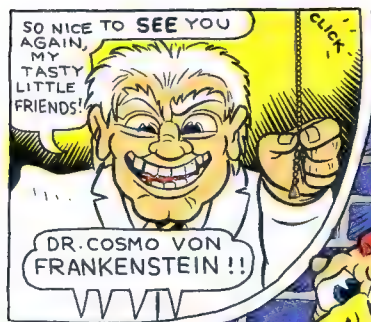
WHERE ARE WE??

I'M SORRY, GENTLEMEN... CAN'T SEE?? LET ME TURN ON THE LIGHT!

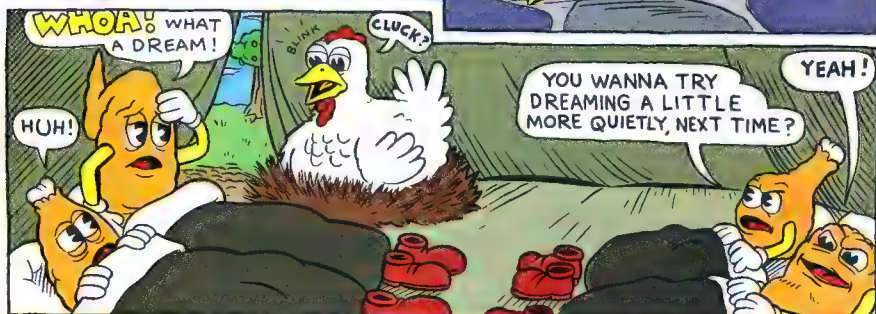
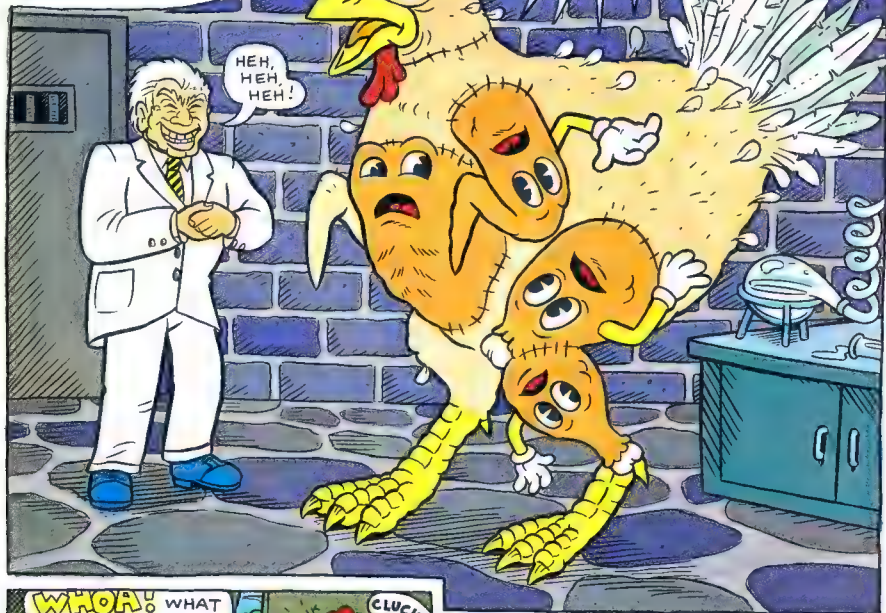
RAHH?

WHO'S THERE?

WHAT'S GOING ON?



OH NO!
WE'VE BEEN SEWN TOGETHER INTO A **CHICKENSTEIN MONSTER!**



AH, YES, 'TWAS BUT A DREAM. BE ON HAND NEXT TIME FOR THE START OF AN ALL NEW **REAL** ADVENTURE!

©1996 KIM + SIMON DEITCH

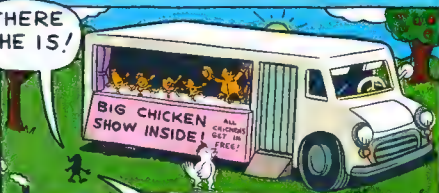
SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES



A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!

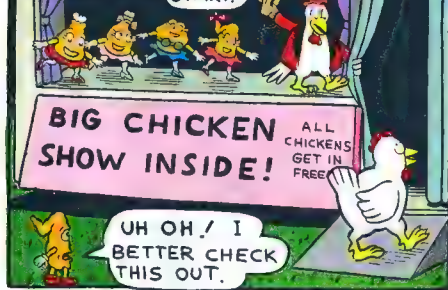
THE FUGITIVES AND THEIR FAITHFUL CHICKEN COMPANION, BERTHA, HAVE BEEN CAMPING IN THE WOODS. ONE MORNING WING NUT AWAKENS TO FIND BERTHA MISSING! HE INVESTIGATES AND GETS A BIG SURPRISE!

THERE SHE IS!



BUT WHAT'S ALL THIS?

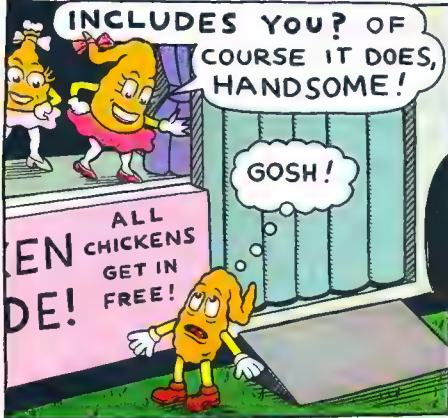
WING NUT WATCHES AS BERTHA WANDERS INTO THE STRANGE SHOW. RIGHT THIS WAY, BEAUTIFUL! THE SHOW'S ABOUT TO START!



ALL CHICKENS GET IN FREE. GEE, I WONDER IF THAT INCLUDES...



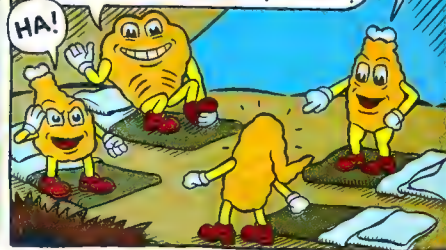
INCLUDES YOU? OF COURSE IT DOES, HANDSOME!

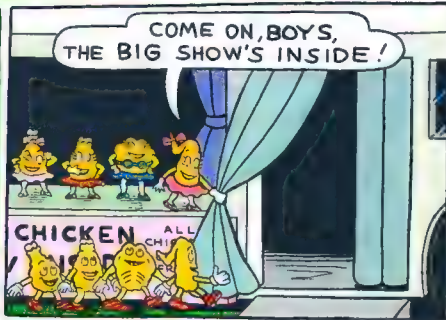
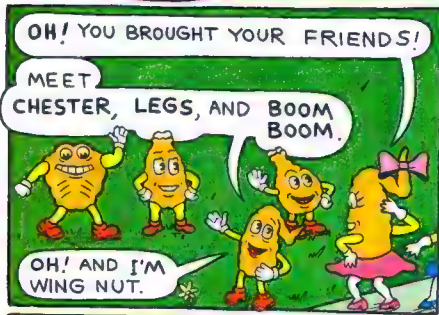
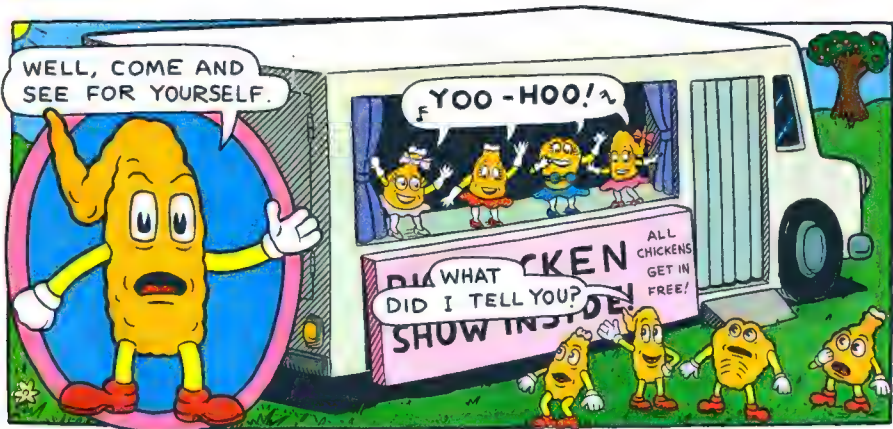


WING NUT GOES BACK TO THE TENT.

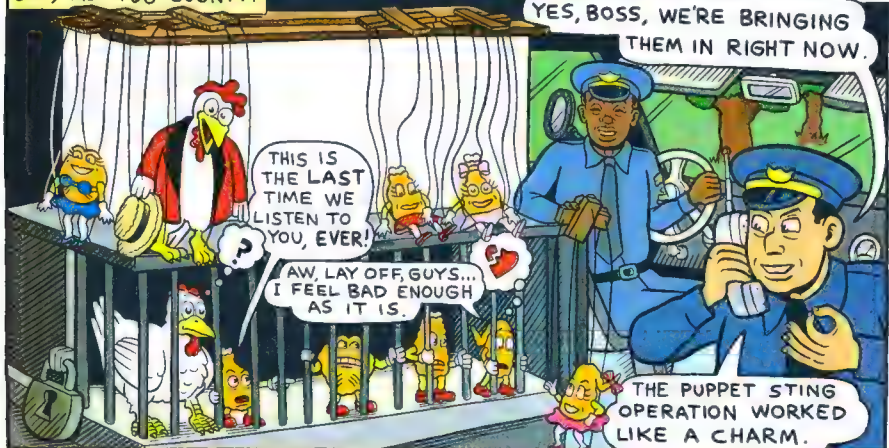
PRETTY GIRLS WHO LOOK LIKE US? IN YOUR DREAMS, CHICKEN BOY!

YEAH, WE MUST STILL BE ASLEEP, RIGHT?





BUT, ALL TOO SOON...



WHO HAS CAPTURED THE BOYS THIS TIME AND WHERE ARE THEY TAKING THEM? WHO'S PULLING THE STRINGS BEHIND THE SCENES? FIND OUT IN THE NEXT EPISODE! ©1996 DEITCH BROS.



IN THE LAST EPISODE, OUR BOYS WERE CAPTURED—TRAPPED IN WHAT APPEARED TO BE A MILITARY STING OPERATION. AH, BUT THINGS AREN'T ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM... READ ON!



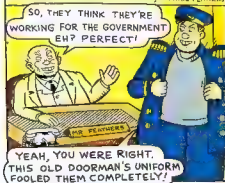
A FEW DAYS LATER, A RADIO-CONTROLLED TOY AIRPLANE FLIES INTO A CITY APARTMENT



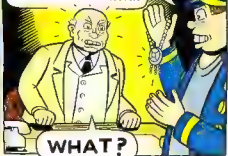
WOW! KEEP THIS UP, BOYS, AND YOU'LL GET A FULL PARDON FOR ALL THE CRIMES YOU'RE WANTED FOR!



SOON "GENERAL" M'DUDLEY (ALAS MURPHY THE DUO) MEETS WITH CHICKEN FARMER AND TYCOON, FRANKIE FEATHERS



AND CHECK OUT THIS PEARL PENDANT THEY SWIPED! THEY'RE THE GREATEST NATURAL BURGLARS I EVER WORKED WITH!





IN THE LAST EPISODE, OUR BOYS WERE CAPTURED—TRAPPED IN WHAT APPEARED TO BE A MILITARY STING OPERATION. AH, BUT THINGS AREN'T ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.... READ ON!



A FEW DAYS LATER, A RADIO-CONTROLLED TOY AIRPLANE FLIES INTO A CITY APARTMENT.



WOW! KEEP THIS UP, BOYS, AND YOU'LL GET A FULL PARDON FOR ALL THE CRIMES YOU'RE WANTED FOR!



SOON "GENERAL" McDUDLEY (ALIAS MICKEY THE DUD) MEETS WITH CHICKEN FARMER AND TYCOON, FRANKIE FEATHERS.

SO, THEY THINK THEY'RE WORKING FOR THE GOVERNMENT EH? PERFECT!



AND CHECK OUT THIS PEARL PENDANT THEY SWIPED! THEY'RE THE GREATEST NATURAL BURGLARS I EVER WORKED WITH!



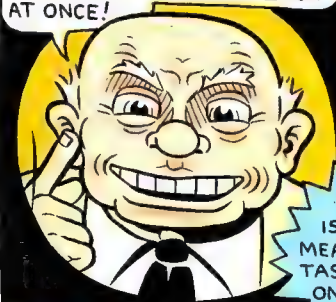
YOU FOOL! I MERELY INSTRUCTED YOU TO TEST-FLY THAT PLANE, NOT TO SEND THEM ON SOME CHEESY BURGLARY!



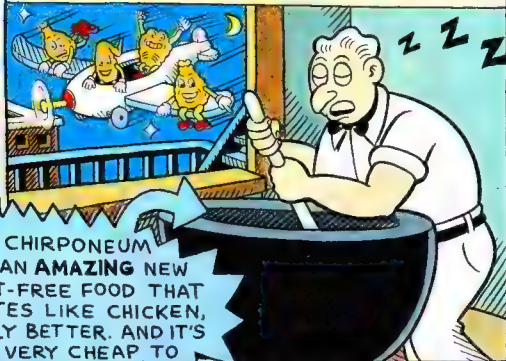
GEE, BOSS! I WAS ONLY...



**NEVER MIND!
ASSIGN THEM TO
PROJECT CHIRPONEUM
AT ONCE!**



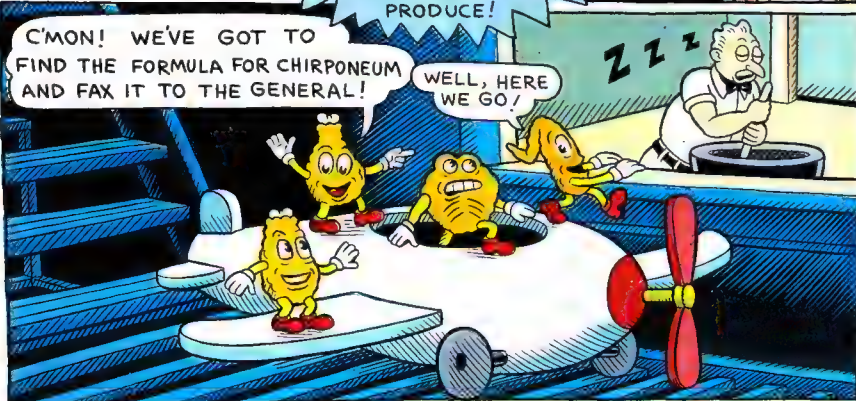
INTRODUCING SIR ELIOT BUDGERAL, WHO HAS FALLEN ASLEEP MIXING UP A FRESH BATCH OF CHIRPONEUM.



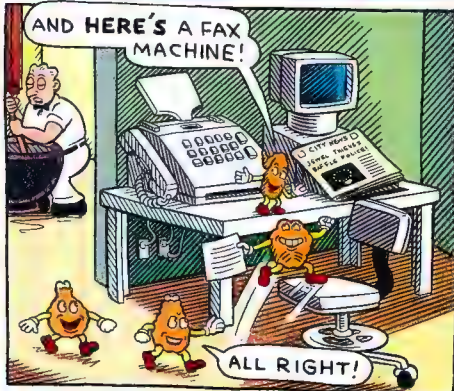
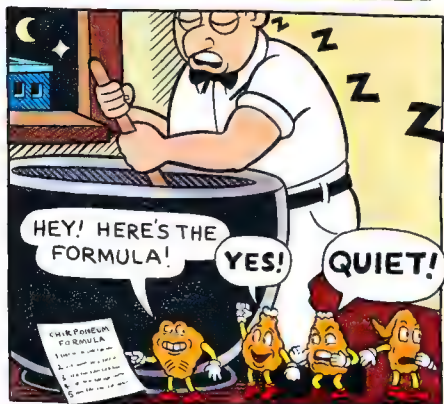
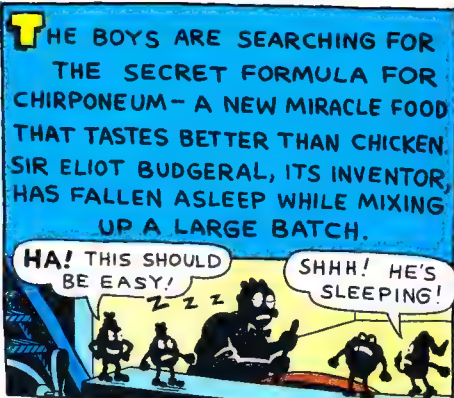
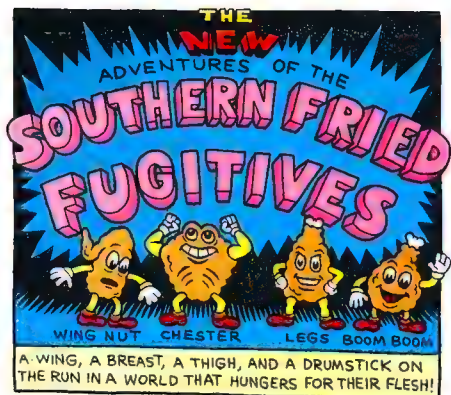
**CHIRPONEUM
IS AN AMAZING NEW
MEAT-FREE FOOD THAT
TASTES LIKE CHICKEN,
ONLY BETTER. AND IT'S
VERY CHEAP TO
PRODUCE!**

**C'MON! WE'VE GOT TO
FIND THE FORMULA FOR CHIRPONEUM
AND FAX IT TO THE GENERAL!**

**WELL, HERE
WE GO!**



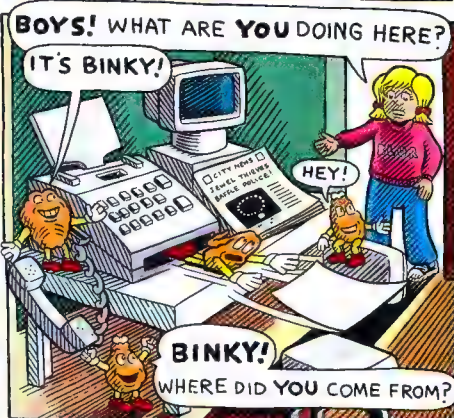
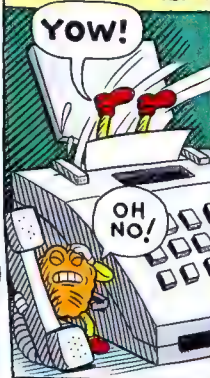
YIKES! IS THIS MISGUIDED QUEST FOR A FRESH START IN LIFE LEADING THE BOYS EVEN FARTHER DOWN A ROAD TO RUIN? FIND OUT NEXT TIME! ©1996 DEITCH BROS.

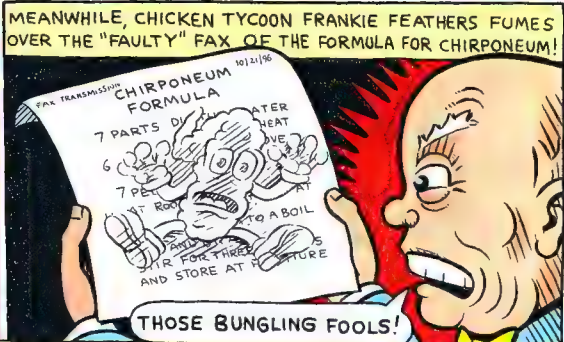
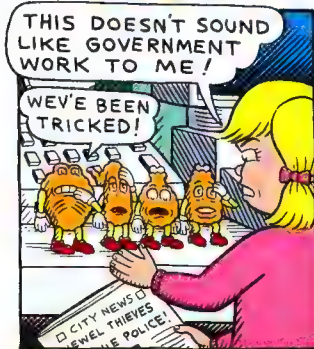
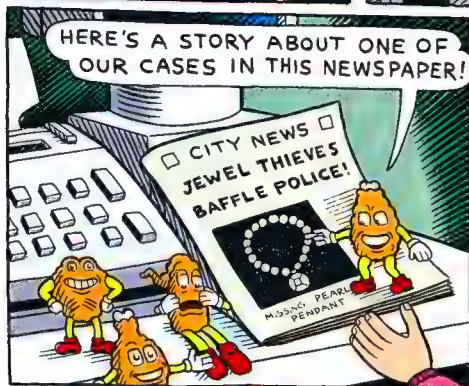
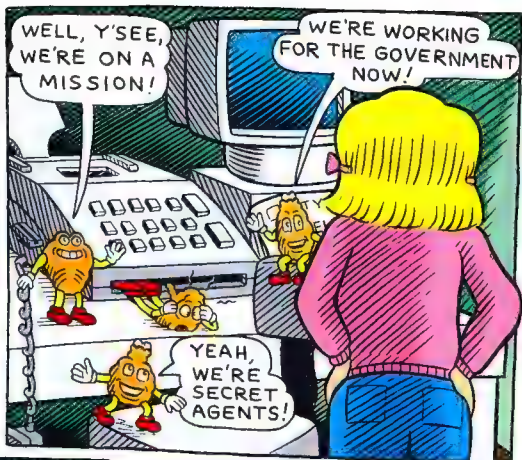


WING NUT FEEDS IN THE FORMULA...



WHEN SUDDENLY...





HAS A CHANCE MISHAP RUINED FRANKIE FEATHERS' SECRET PLOT TO STEAL THE PRECIOUS FORMULA? BE HERE NEXT TIME FOR MORE CHIRPONEUM CAPERS!

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF THE SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES



A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!!

THE BOYS HAVE BEEN TRICKED INTO FAXING THE FORMULA FOR CHIRPONEUM TO CHICKEN TYCOON FRANKIE FEATHERS. BUT THE FAX IS FLAWED, AND FEATHERS IS FURIOUS.

THOSE BUNGLING FOOLS!



MEANWHILE, ACROSS TOWN...

BOYS, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MY BOSS, SIR ELIOT BUDGERAL.

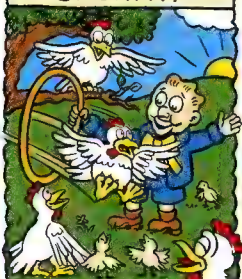


SIR ELIOT TELLS THE BOYS A BIT ABOUT HIMSELF.

YOU SEE, WHEN I WAS A BOY, MY FAMILY RAISED CHICKENS.



THEN ONE DAY, I DISCOVERED THAT THE FRIENDLY BIRDS I PLAYED WITH BY DAY...

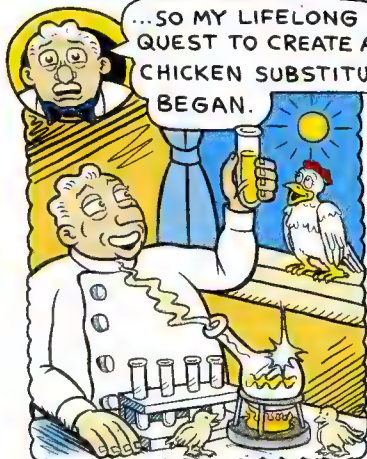


WERE THE FOOD I ATE AT NIGHT.

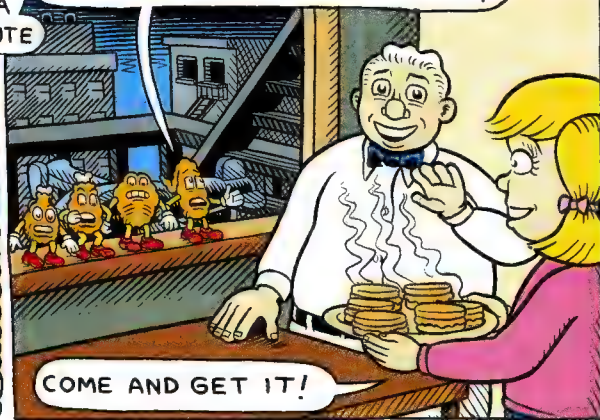


FROM THAT DAY ON, I COULDN'T BEAR TO EAT CHICKEN.

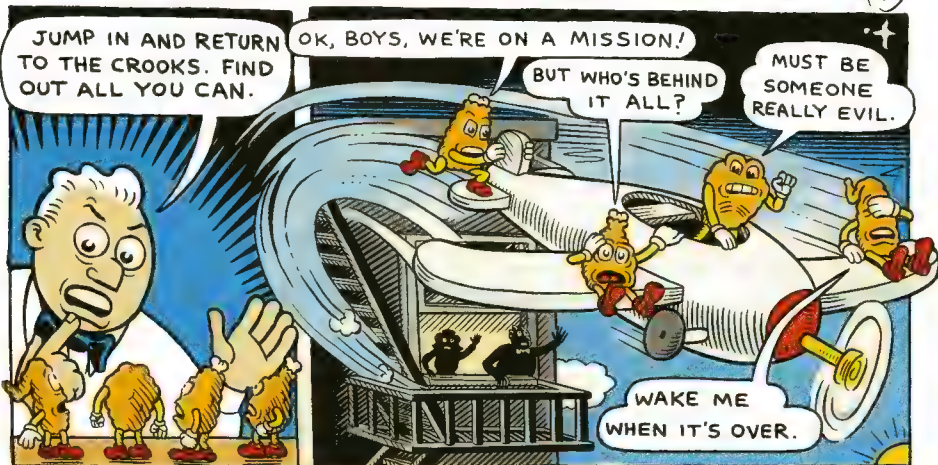
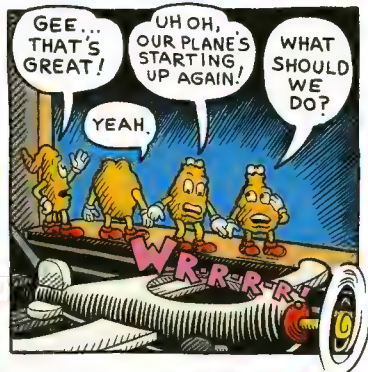
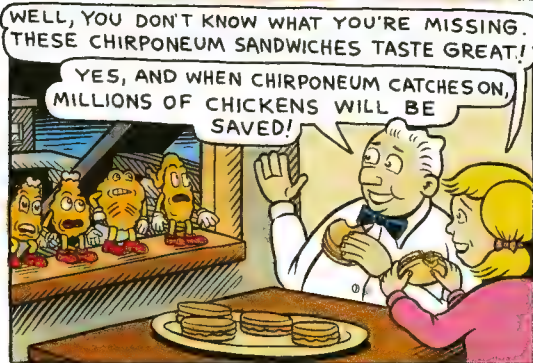
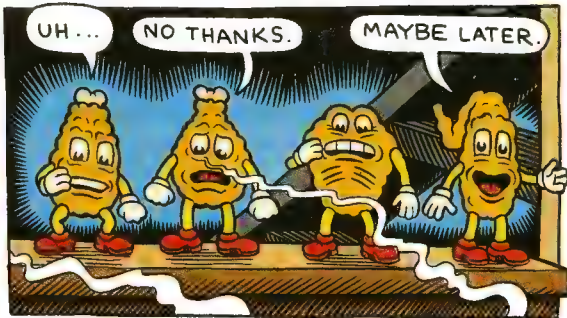
...SO MY LIFELONG QUEST TO CREATE A CHICKEN SUBSTITUTE BEGAN.



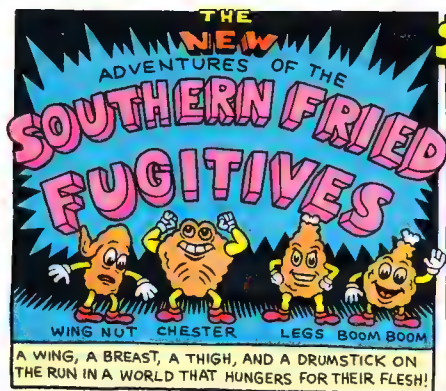
GOSH! DID YOU SUCCEED?



COME AND GET IT!



WHAT WILL THE BOYS DO WHEN THEY FIND OUT THAT FRANKIE FEATHERS IS RUNNING THIS POULTRY PLOT? TUNE IN NEXT TIME. © 1996 DEITCH BROS.

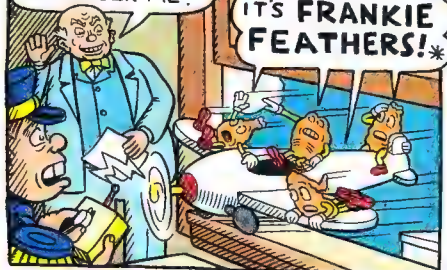


SIR ELIOT BUDGERAL, INVENTOR OF THE CHICKEN SUBSTITUTE CHIRPONEUM, HAS TOLD THE BOYS TO RETURN TO HEADQUARTERS IN THEIR RADIO-CONTROLLED PLANE. BUT THE BIG QUESTION STILL REMAINS.... WHO THE HECK ARE WE WORKING FOR, ANYWAY?

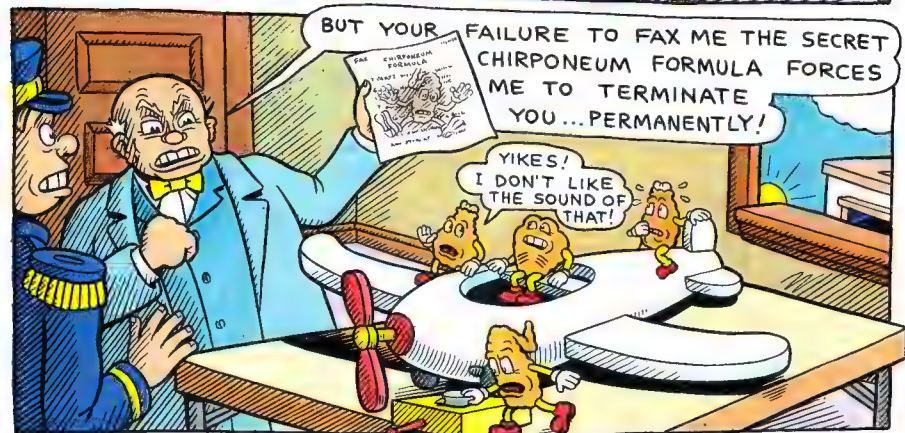
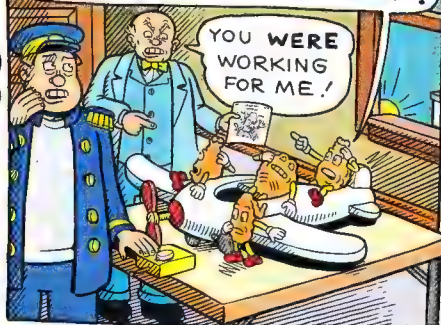


WHEN THEY COME IN FOR A LANDING, THEY DISCOVER THE AWFUL TRUTH.

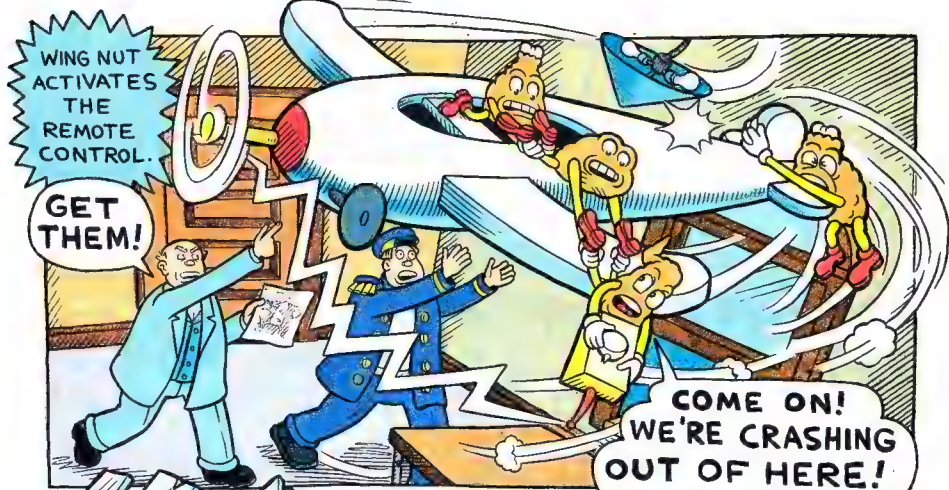
HELLO, BOYS. REMEMBER ME?



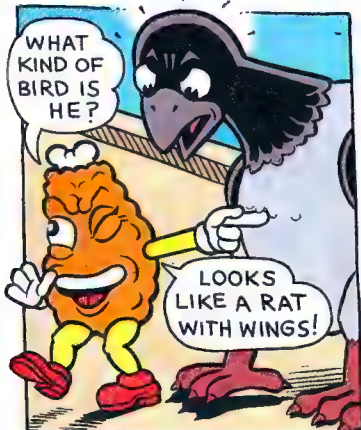
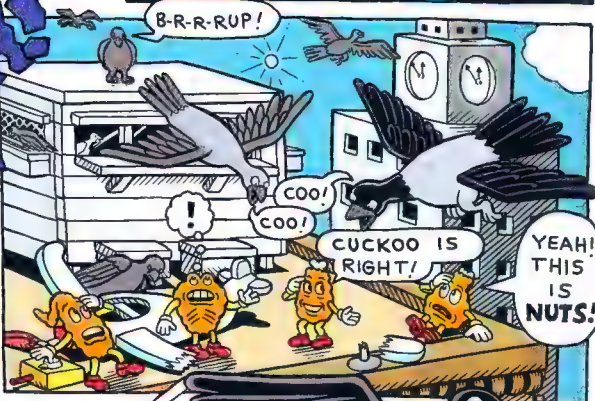
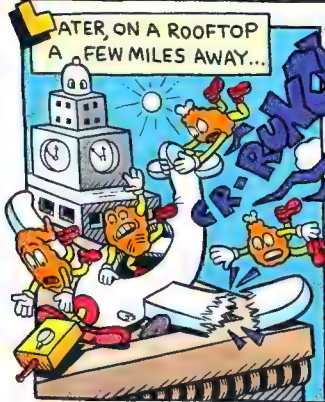
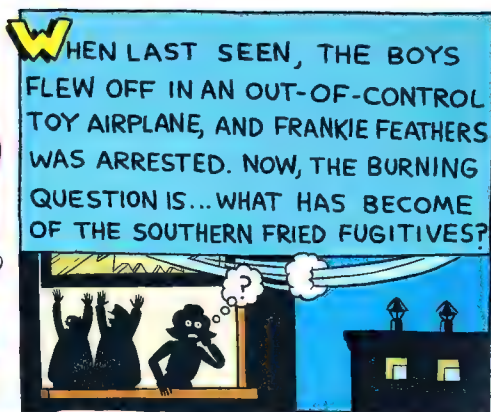
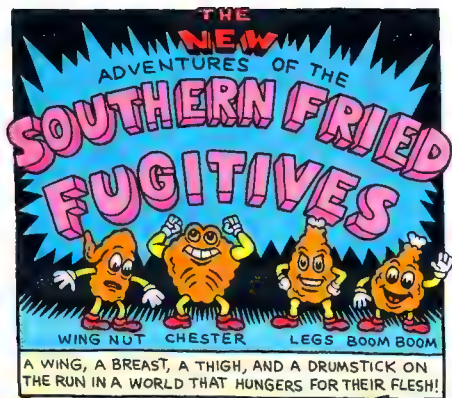
YOU MEAN WE'RE WORKING FOR YOU?

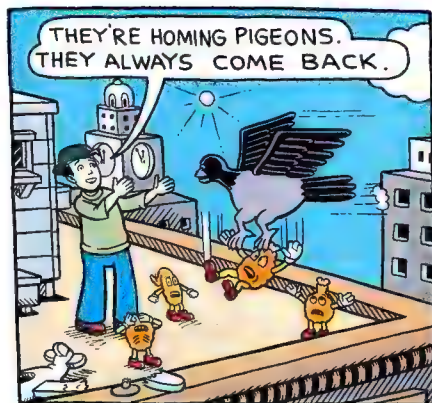
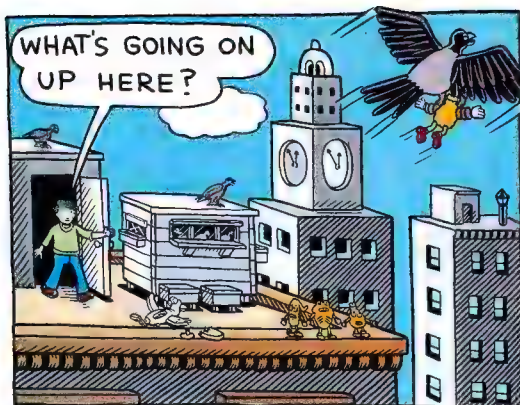


*CHICKEN TYCOON, WHOM OUR HEROES ESCAPED FROM



IS FRANKIE REALLY OUT OF THE PICTURE? WHERE ARE THE BOYS GOING IN THAT OUT-OF-CONTROL CONTRACTION? FIND OUT NEXT TIME! © 1996 DEITCH BROS.





WOW! LOOKS LIKE THE BOYS HAVE DROPPED IN ON SOME HIGH FLYING FUN! BE HERE NEXT TIME FOR AN EXCITING BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE BIG CITY! ©1997 DELTON

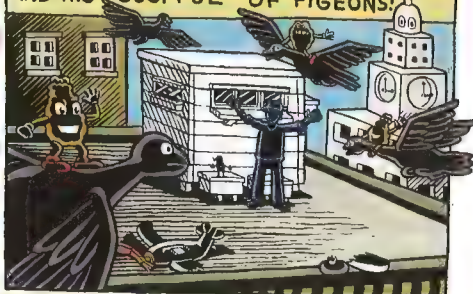
THE NEW ADVENTURES OF THE SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES



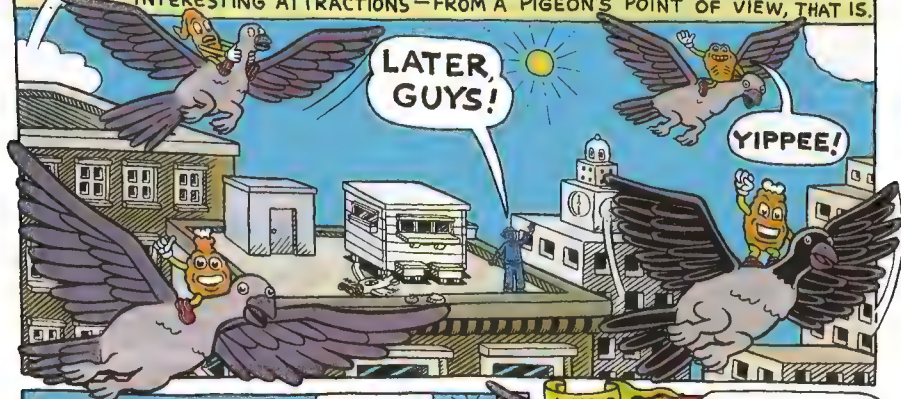
WING NUT CHESTER LEGS BOOM BOOM

A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!

LAST TIME, THE BOYS CRASH-LANDED ON A CITY ROOF WHERE THEY MET AND BECAME FRIENDS WITH RICK AND HIS COOPFUL OF PIGEONS!



SOON, THEY'RE OFF ON A GRAND TOUR OF SOME OF THE CITY'S MORE INTERESTING ATTRACTIONS—FROM A PIGEON'S POINT OF VIEW, THAT IS.

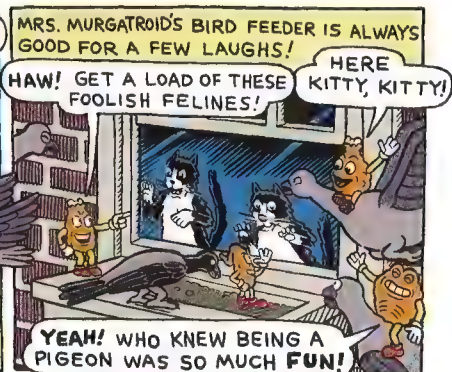
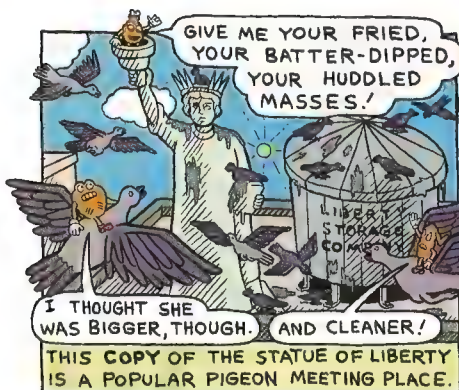


YOW! LOOK AT ALL THOSE SPIKES! WE CAN'T LAND HERE!

YEAH! THIS PLACE IS POSITIVELY PIGEON-PROOF!

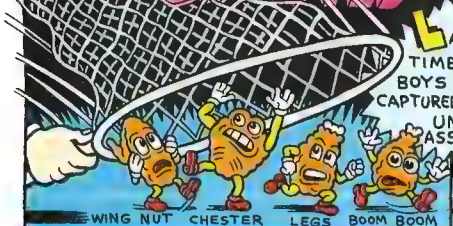
HEY LOOK!

I COULD SWEAR I'VE SEEN HER BEFORE!



UH-OH! MORE TROUBLE! IT LOOKS LIKE A PIGEON'S LIFE MAY BE STRICTLY FOR THE BIRDS AFTER ALL! MORE NEXT TIME! ©1997 DEITCH BROS.

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES



WING NUT CHESTER LEGS BOOM BOOM

A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK, SWEEPED AWAY ON THEIR WILDEST ADVENTURE EVER!

LAST TIME, THE BOYS WERE CAPTURED BY AN UNKNOWN ASSAILANT!



BUT, HEY! WHAT'S THIS?

LOOKS LIKE DAYBREAK ...

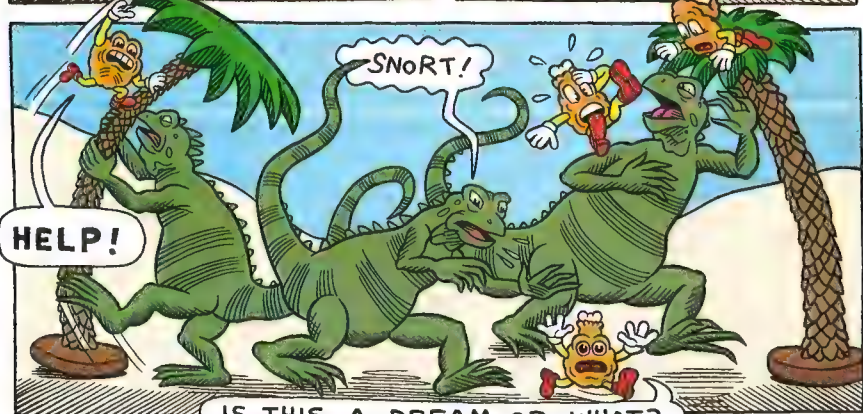


HEY, FELLAS! WAKE UP!

...AT THE DAWN OF TIME!



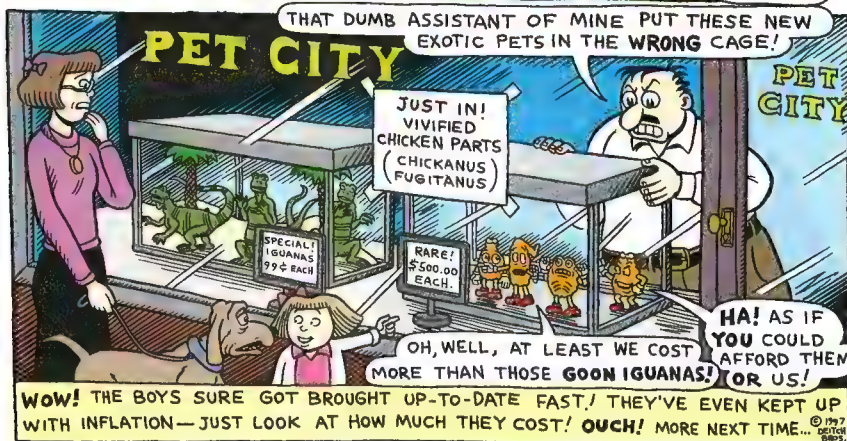
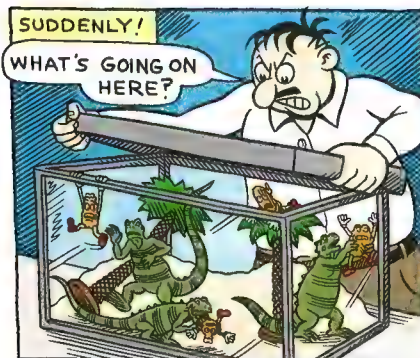
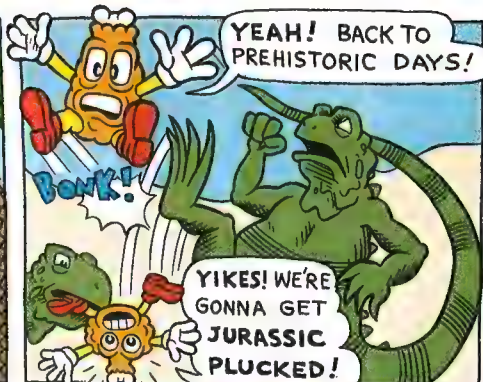
YOW! DINOSAURS?!



HELP!

SNOORT!

IS THIS A DREAM OR WHAT?



SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES

A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!



CHESTER!

LAST TIME, THE BOYS ENDED UP IN A PET STORE AND GOT ROUGHED UP BY SOME IGUANAS!

BOOM! BOOM!

PET CITY

JUST IN! VIVIFIED CHICKEN PARTS (CHICKANUS FUGITANUS)

WANT TO BUY A FUGITIVE? ONLY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS EACH AT PET CITY!

BOY! FIGHTING THOSE IGUANAS SURE KNOCKED THE STUFFING OUT OF ME!

YOU SAID IT...

...ONE OF THEM BIT THE FRIED BATTER OFF MY BUTT!

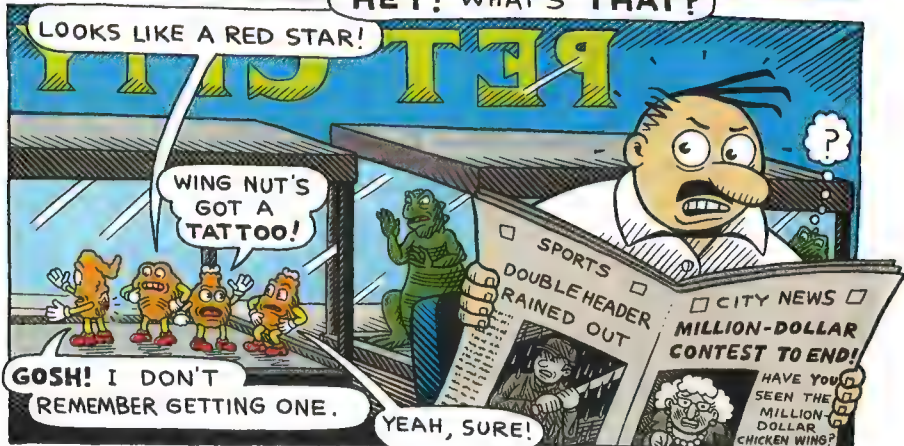
HEY! WHAT'S THAT?

LOOKS LIKE A RED STAR!

WING NUT'S GOT A TATTOO!

GOSH! I DON'T REMEMBER GETTING ONE.

YEAH, SURE!



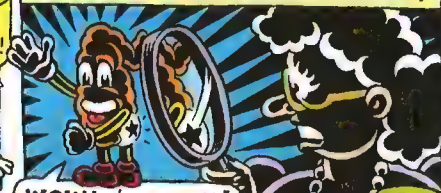
SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES

A WING, A BREAST, A THIGH, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!

WING NUT CHESTER LEGS BOOM BOOM



WING NUT IS A MILLIONAIRE! A STAR TATTOO ON HIS BOTTOM HAS MADE HIM AN INSTANT WINNER IN A CONTEST SPONSORED BY THE CACKLE FARMS CHICKEN COMPANY!



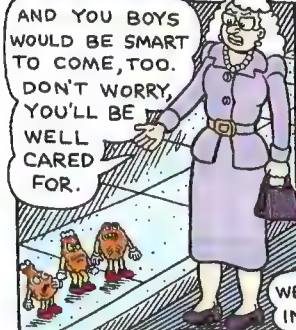
WOW! I'M RICH!

HIS FIRST MISGUIDED ACT IS TO BUY AND SET FREE ALL THE ANIMALS IN THE PET CITY PET STORE. THIS CAUSES A MESS OF TROUBLE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

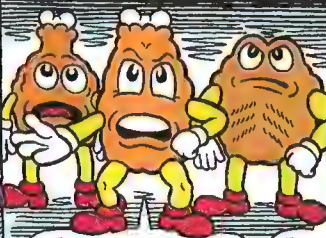


HOWEVER, CARLOTTA CACKLE, OF THE CACKLE FARMS CHICKEN COMPANY, HAS TAKEN STEPS TO RESTORE ORDER.

YES, I INTEND TO KEEP THESE ANIMALS ON MY ESTATE UNTIL PROPER HOMES CAN BE FOUND FOR THEM.



AND YOU BOYS WOULD BE SMART TO COME, TOO. DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL BE WELL CARED FOR.

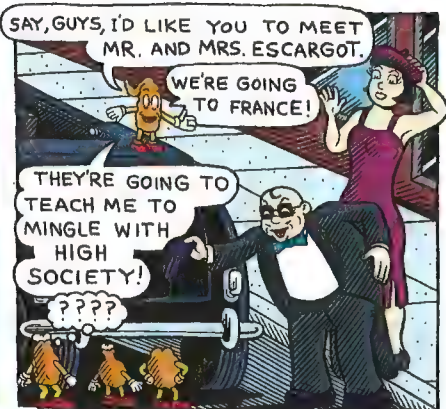
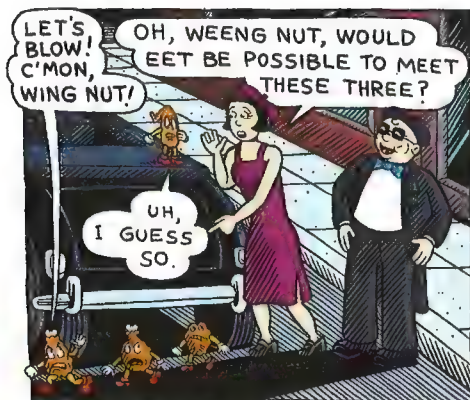


NO THANKS! WE'RE FREE NOW AND WE INTEND TO STAY THAT WAY!



WELL, IF YOU EVER NEED ME, HERE'S WHERE YOU CAN REACH ME.

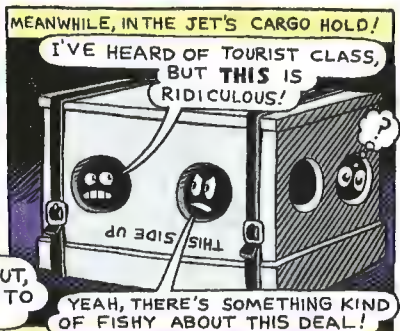
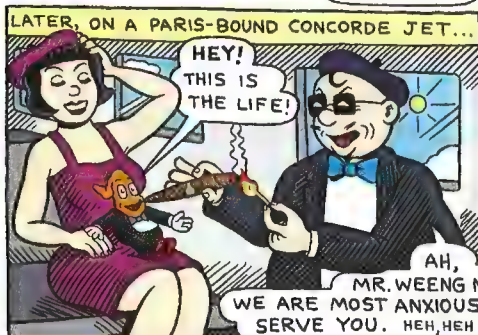
CARLOTTA WRITES HER E-MAIL ADDRESS ON BOOM BOOM'S HAND!



AND SO...



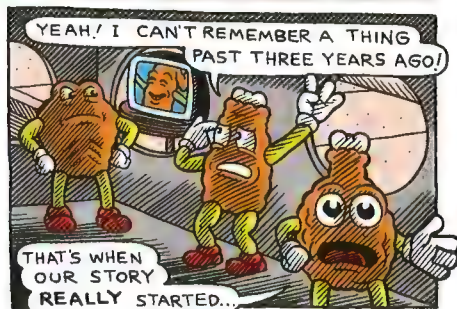
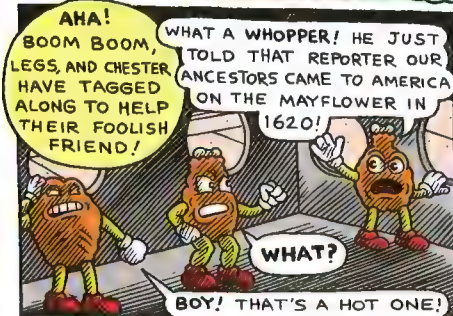
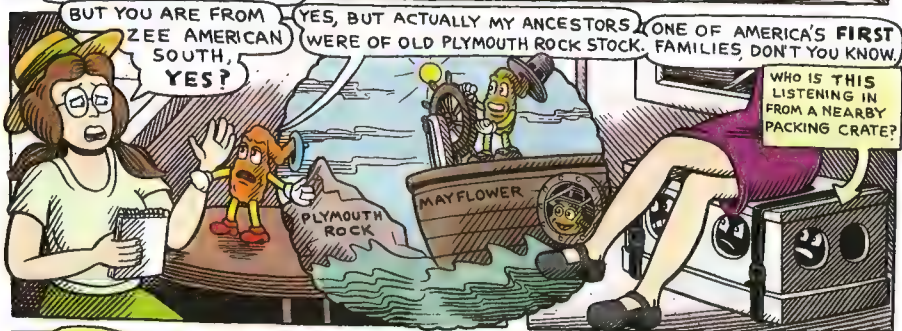
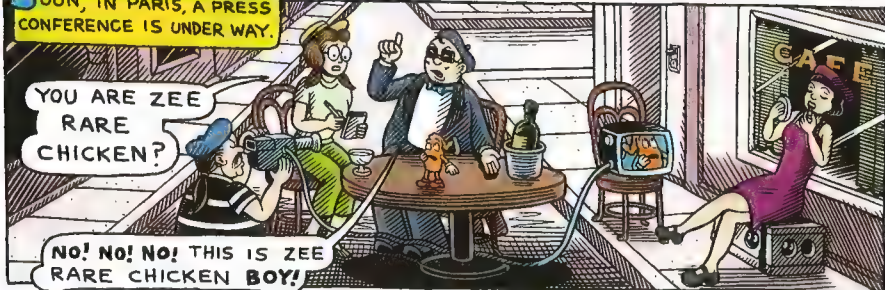
HMM... I DON'T LIKE IT. BUT OKAY, WE'LL DO IT!



FISHY IS RIGHT! IN FACT, IT ABSOLUTELY STINKS! THE BOYS MAY BE FLYING HIGH RIGHT NOW, BUT ACTUALLY, THEY'RE IN WAY OVER THEIR HEADS!



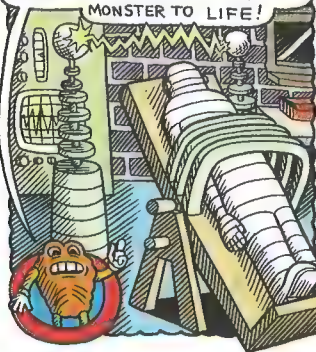
SOON, IN PARIS, A PRESS CONFERENCE IS UNDER WAY.



IT WAS A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT. DOCTOR COSMO VON FRANKENSTEIN WAS ABOUT TO BRING A CREEPY MONSTER TO LIFE!

BUT WEIRD FATE STEPPED IN AND CHANGED ALL THAT!

A FREAK ACCIDENT CAUSED A BOX OF SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKEN TO BE VIVIFIED.* AND SO HELP ME, THAT'S THE TRUTH!



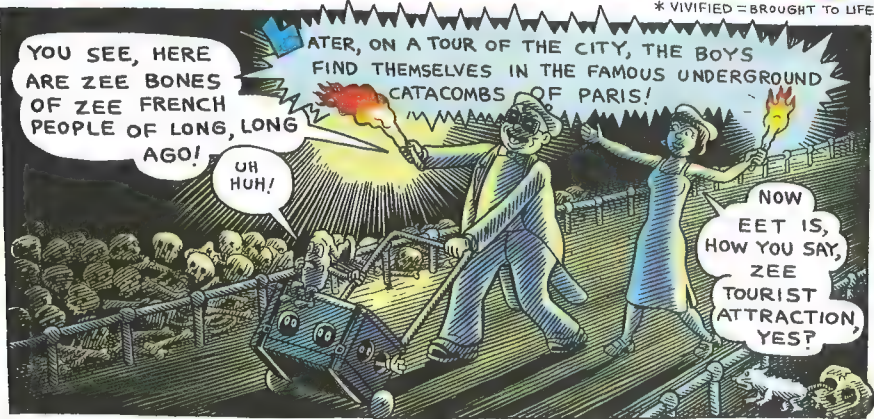
* VIVIFIED = BROUGHT TO LIFE

YOU SEE, HERE ARE ZEE BONES OF ZEE FRENCH PEOPLE OF LONG, LONG AGO!

UH HUH!

LATER, ON A TOUR OF THE CITY, THE BOYS FIND THEMSELVES IN THE FAMOUS UNDERGROUND CATACOMBS OF PARIS!

NOW EET IS, HOW YOU SAY, ZEE TOURIST ATTRACTION, YES?



OUR EXCLUSIVE RESTAURANT DOWN HERE EES VERY POPULAR.

AND VERY EXPENSIVE. WE SERVE ONLY ZEE WORLD'S RAREST ANIMALS!

AND HERE WE WEEEL SERVE YOU BOYS -- ZEE RAREST CREATURES OF ALL!

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!



YOW! WING NUT DID WANT TO MINGLE WITH HIGH SOCIETY, BUT BEING EATEN BY THE RICH AND FAMOUS? NOW THAT'S KIND OF HARD TO SWALLOW! WHAT NEXT?

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SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES

A WING,
A BREAST, A THIGH,
AND A DRUMSTICK
ON THE RUN IN A
WORLD THAT HUNGERS
FOR THEIR FLESH!

CHESTER

BOOM
BOOM

LEGS

AND WING
NUT!

LAST TIME, THE BOYS WERE LURED
TO AN ILLEGAL RESTAURANT IN FRANCE
THAT SERVES **ONLY** THE WORLD'S RAREST
ANIMALS!

AND HERE WE WEE!
SERVE YOU BOYS-- ZEE
RAREST CREATURES OF
ALL!

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

COME, MY SWEET. IT IS TIME
TO SERVE ZEE DINNER! OF
COURSE.

BUT FIRST
I MUST FINISH SENDING OUT
ZEE NEWS OF TOMORROW'S
SPECIAL-- FUGITIVE FLAMBE.

LATER...

WILL YOU STOP EATING
THAT CHEESE! IT'S ONLY IN
HERE TO FATTEN US UP!

YEAH!
THIS WHOLE SITUATION STINKS!
THANKS TO WING NUT AND
HIS MILLION-DOLLAR BUTT!

THIS
STAR TATTOO
ON WING NUT'S
BUTT WON HIM
A MILLION-
DOLLAR
PRIZE!

LOOK GUYS,
I REALIZE
THINGS GOT
A LITTLE
OUT OF HAND...

A LITTLE
OUT OF HAND?
THAT'S
HOT!

YEAH!
WE'RE COOKED!

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE, FELLAS!

WE'RE NOT COOKED
YET, YOU KNOW!

AND IF WE CAN JUST
STICK TOGETHER,
MAYBE WE CAN FIGURE
A WAY OUT OF
THIS!

AND SOON...

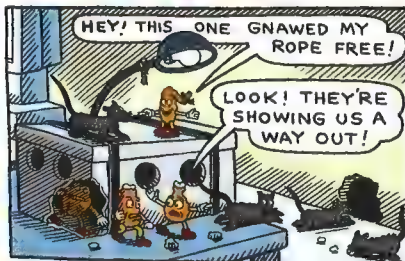
LOOK, WING NUT, THE
GUYS AND I HAVE DECIDED
THAT IF YOU'RE WILLING TO
BE FRIENDS, SO ARE WE.

WHAT DO
YOU SAY?

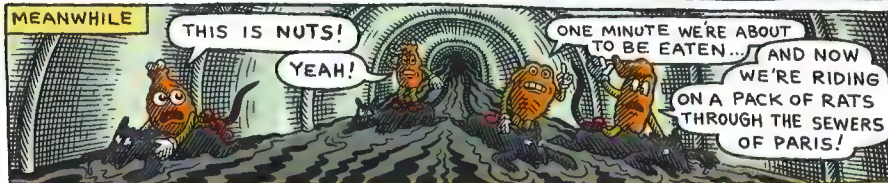
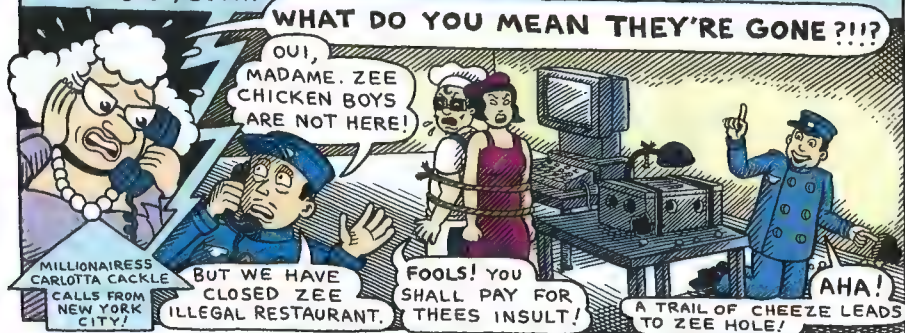
HEY!

WWW.
CARLOTTA

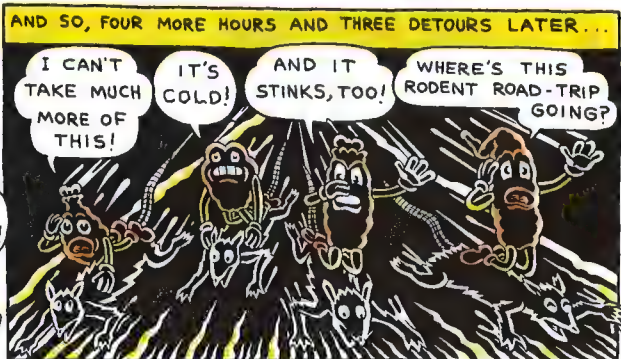
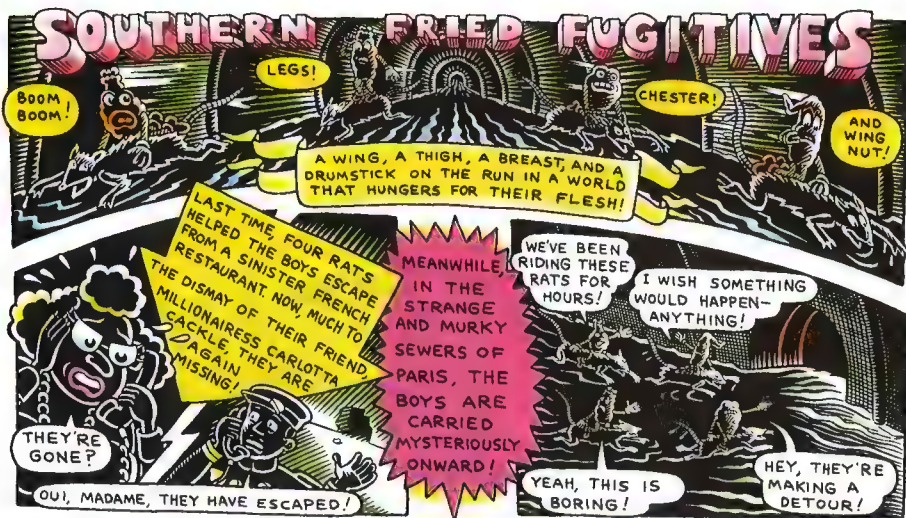
WING NUT
SPOTS THE E-MAIL
ADDRESS CARLOTTA CACKLE
WROTE ON BOOM BOOM'S
HAND AND GETS A
BRAINSTORM!

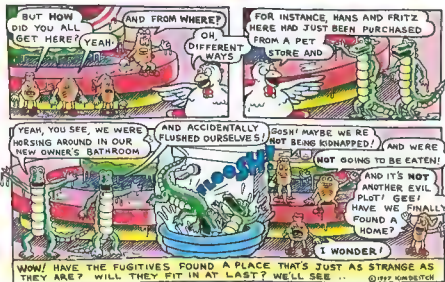
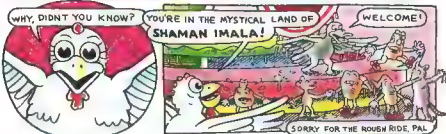


CARLOTTA CACKLE'S TIP RESULTS IN A POLICE RAID. MADAME AND MONSIEUR ESCARGOT ARE ARRESTED, BUT...



IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S OUT OF THE FRYING PAN AND INTO THE SEWER! BUT WHO ARE THESE RATS? AND WHERE ARE THEY TAKING THE BOYS?





* BERTHA IS THE FUGITIVES' CHICKEN PAL FROM A FEW STORIES AGO

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES

A WING, A THIGH, A BREAST, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!

BOOM BOOM!

LEGS!

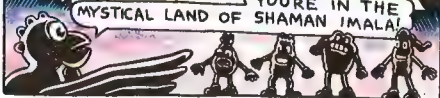
CHESTER!

AND WING NUT!



LAST TIME, AFTER A WILD RIDE, THE BOYS ENDED UP IN A STRANGE LAND FULL OF TALKING ANIMALS! HERE THEY MET THEIR OLD PAL BERTHA, WHO TOLD THEM...

YOU'RE IN THE MYSTICAL LAND OF SHAMAN IMALA!



HEY!

IF WE'RE NOT IN TROUBLE FOR ONCE...

THEN IT'S OKAY TO HAVE SOME FUN!

YEAH!



THE NEXT FEW DAYS ARE ONE LONG CONGA LINE OF FUN! FUN! FUN!



THANK YOU, MY GOOD MAN -- ER, MOUSE!

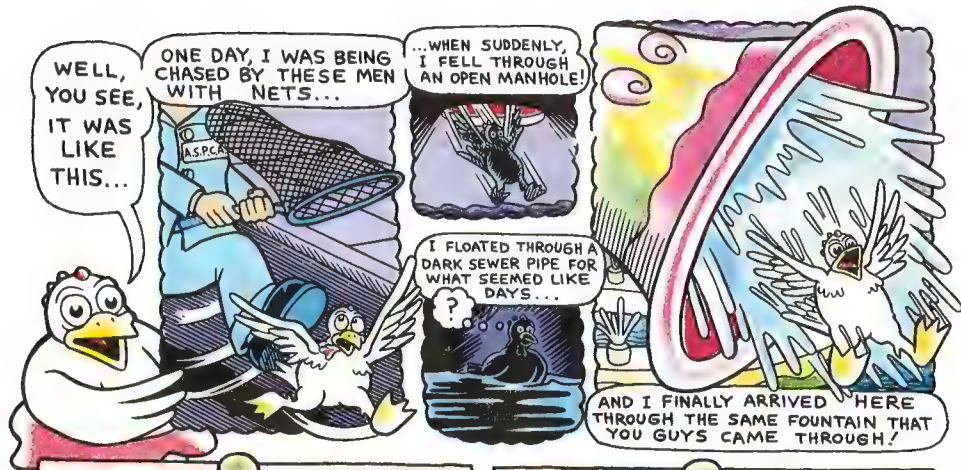


GIDDYAP, LIZARD! HA!

LOOK--A FRYING FISH!

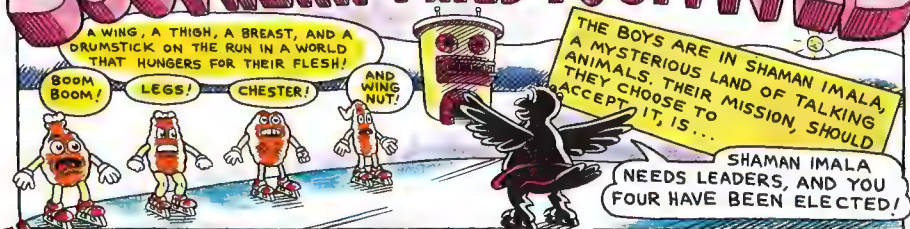
BUT LATER ON, WHILE SKATING ON SHAMAN IMALA'S CRYSTAL LAKE, THE BOYS GET CURIOUS...

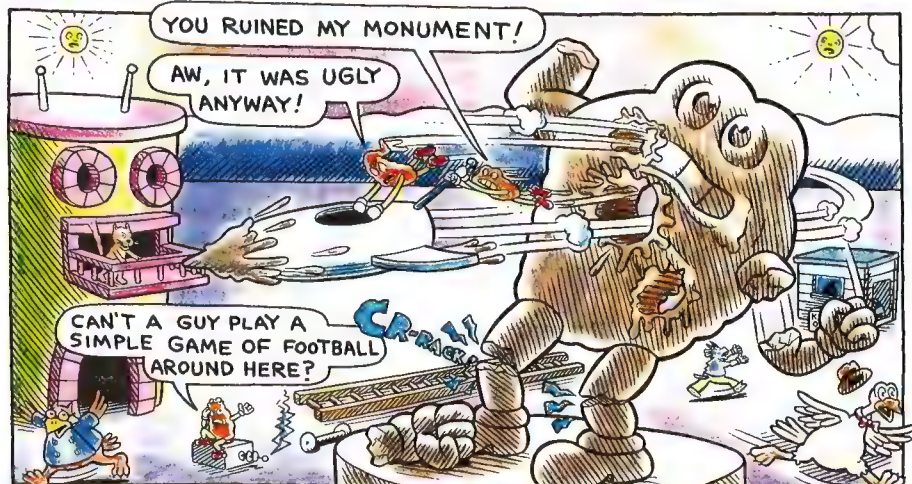
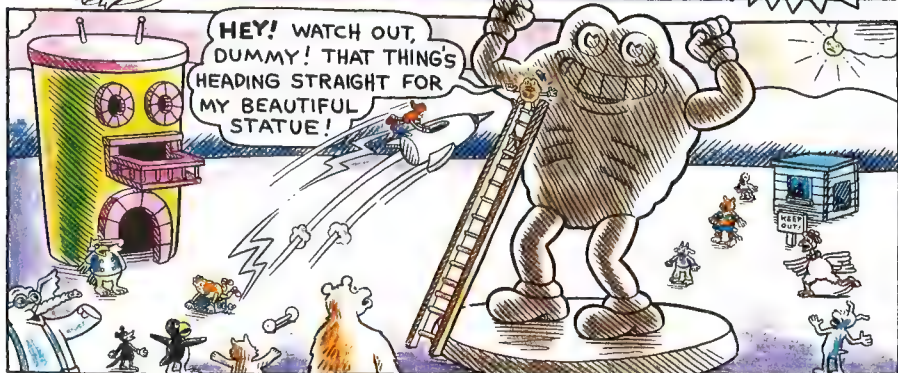
SO, BERTHA, HOW DID YOU GET TO THIS PLACE?



HEY! THE BOYS ARE COMING UP IN THE WORLD! NOW THEY'RE ADVISERS TO AN EMERGING ANIMAL NATION! ARE THEY UP TO IT? FIND OUT NEXT TIME!

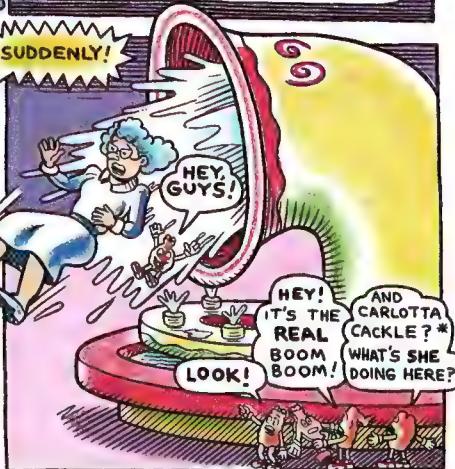
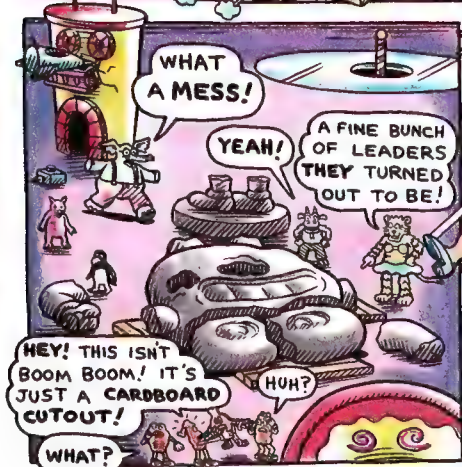
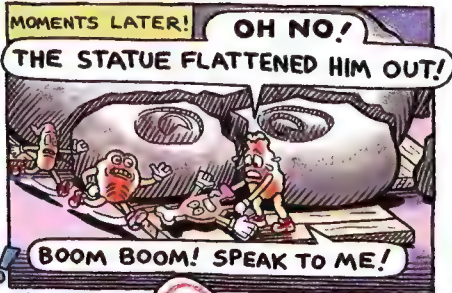
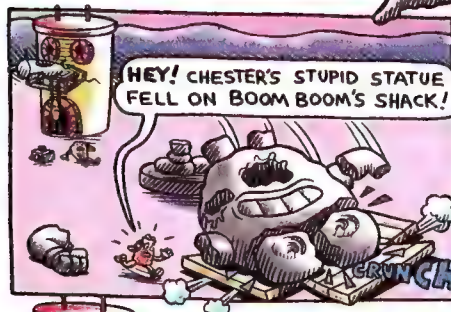
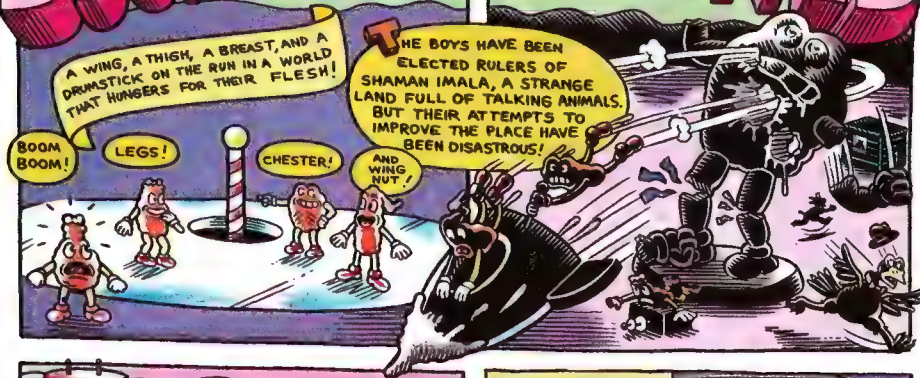
SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES





IT SEEMS THE FUGITIVES JUST DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT STUFF FOR SPORTS, ART, OR ROCKET SCIENCE! AND WHAT IN THE WORLD IS BOOM BOOM UP TO? FIND OUT NEXT TIME!

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES



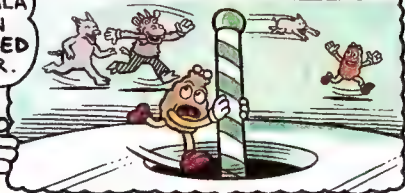
* CARLOTTA IS PRESIDENT OF THE CACKLE FARMS CHICKEN COMPANY AND A FRIEND OF THE FUGITIVES.

BOOM BOOM
EXPLAINS...

I FIGURED
SHAMAN IMALA
NEEDED AN
EXPERIENCED
LEADER.

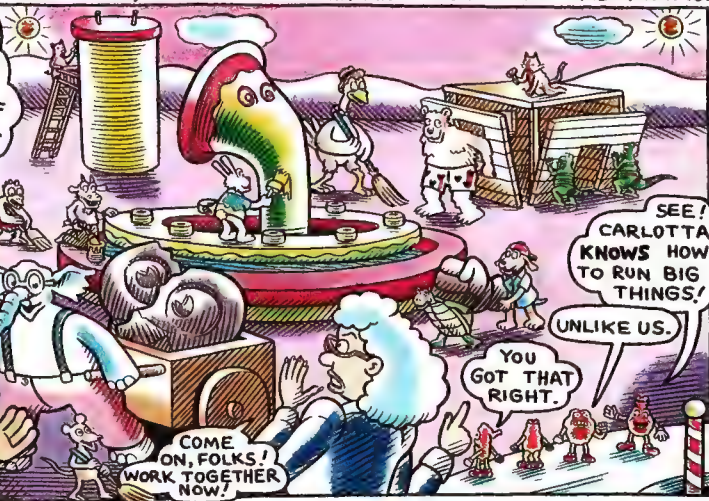
SO WHILE YOU DOOFUSES WERE FOOLING
AROUND, I LEFT THAT CUTOUT IN MY
PLACE, SLID DOWN THE EXIT POLE
IN THE CENTER OF CRYSTAL LAKE...

...AND FINALLY MANAGED TO
TRACK DOWN CARLOTTA CACKLE.



RULING A MAGICAL
KINGDOM SEEMS
LIKE THE LOGICAL
NEXT STEP FOR MY
CAREER. I WAS
GETTING TIRED OF
CHICKENS ANYWAY.
(NO OFFENSE,
BOYS.)

VERY SOON, CARLOTTA HAS SHAMAN IMALA BACK UP AND RUNNING!



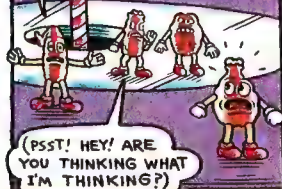
SEE!
CARLOTTA
KNOWS HOW
TO RUN BIG
THINGS!

UNLIKE US.

YOU
GOT THAT
RIGHT.

COME
ON, FOLKS!
WORK TOGETHER
NOW!

THEY DON'T
EVEN NEED US!



(PSST! HEY! ARE
YOU THINKING WHAT
I'M THINKING?)

YEAH, IF WE SLIDE DOWN
THIS POLE, WE CAN
ESCAPE BACK TO THE
REAL WORLD!
RIGHT!



AND AVOID
ALL THAT
WORK!

GEE, GUYS, I DON'T KNOW...

I MEAN,
AFTER
ALL--



C'MON, BOOM BOOM!
WE'RE OUTTA HERE!

OH WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE THE BOYS JUST DON'T FIT INTO PARADISE! MAYBE
THEY'VE BEEN RUNNING SO LONG, THEY'VE GOTTEN USED TO IT. WHAT DO YOU THINK?

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES



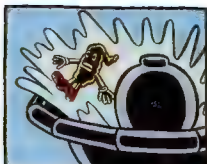
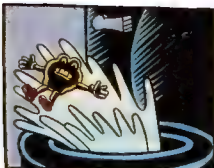
LEGS!

CHESTER!

WING
NUT!

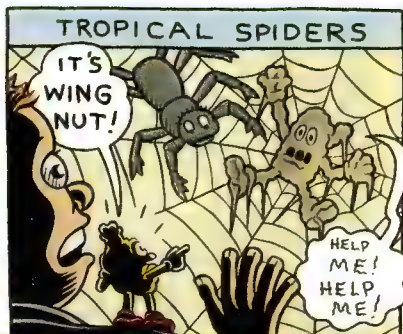
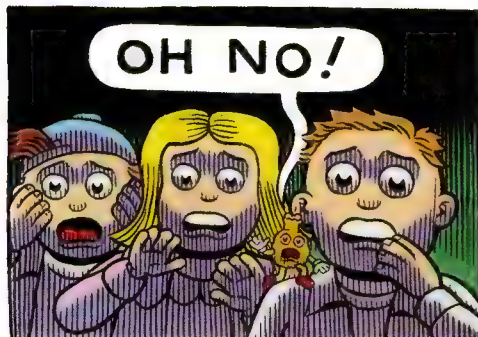
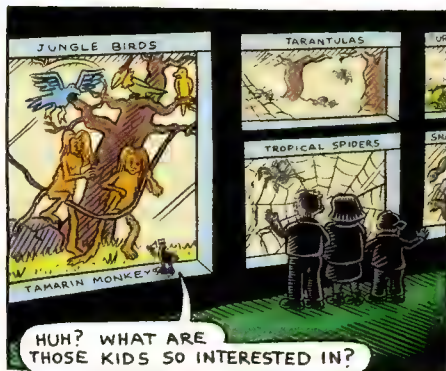
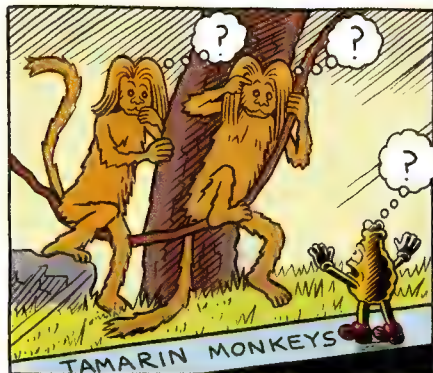
AND
BOOM BOOM!

LAST TIME, THE BOYS LEFT
THE LOST WORLD OF
SHAMAN (MALA, TRAVELING
THROUGH A MAGIC EXIT THAT
LEADS TO THE WORLD'S
MAJOR SEWER SYSTEMS.



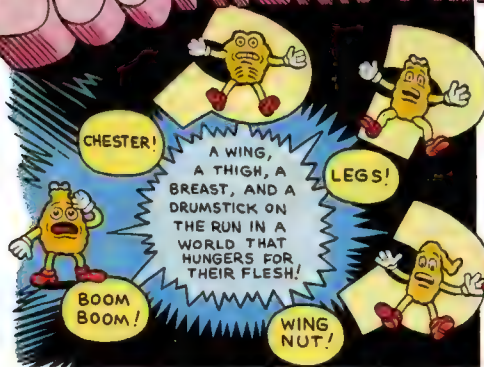
BUT SOMEHOW, IN THE FINAL STAGES OF THEIR TRIP, THEY'VE BEEN SEPARATED!



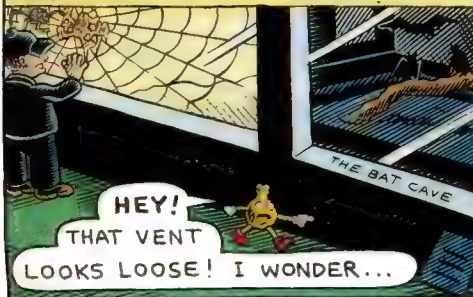


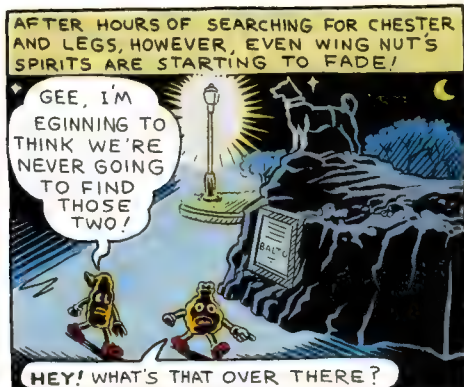
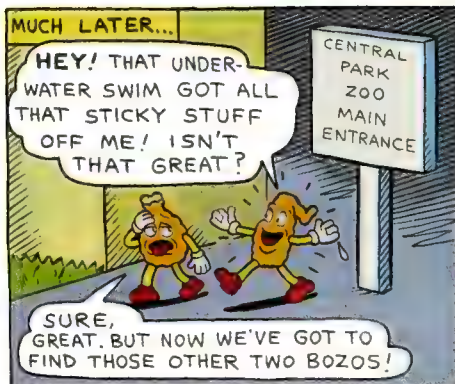
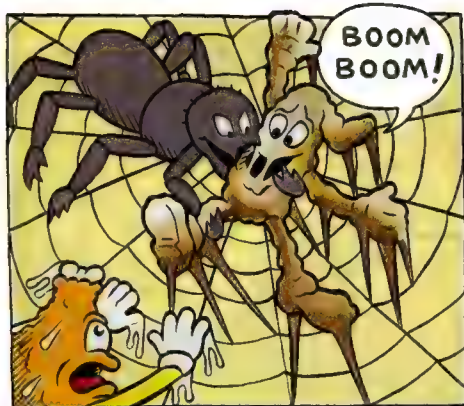
"OH NO" IS RIGHT! CHESTER AND LEGS ARE STILL MISSING, AND WING NUT'S GOT A BAD CASE OF ARACHNOPHOBIA*! WHO KNEW A WALK IN THE PARK COULD GET THIS CRAZY! MORE NEXT TIME!

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES



BUT THE BURNING QUESTION NOW IS, **HOW** IS BOOM BOOM GOING TO GET INTO THE GLASS-ENCASED EXHIBIT WHERE WING NUT IS TRAPPED?



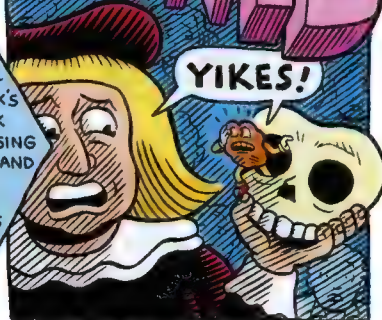


WELL, CHESTER ALWAYS WAS A BIG HAM, BUT MAYBE "HAMLET" JUST ISN'T HIS THING!
AND WHERE, OH WHERE, IS LEGS? AH, THAT IS THE QUESTION! BE HERE NEXT TIME!

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES



BOOM BOOM AND WING NUT HAVE BEEN SEARCHING ALL OVER NEW YORK'S CENTRAL PARK FOR THEIR MISSING PALS, CHESTER AND LEGS! MEANWHILE, IN CENTRAL PARK'S POPULAR OUTDOOR THEATER...



MOMENTS LATER, JUST OUTSIDE...



PLAY HAM!

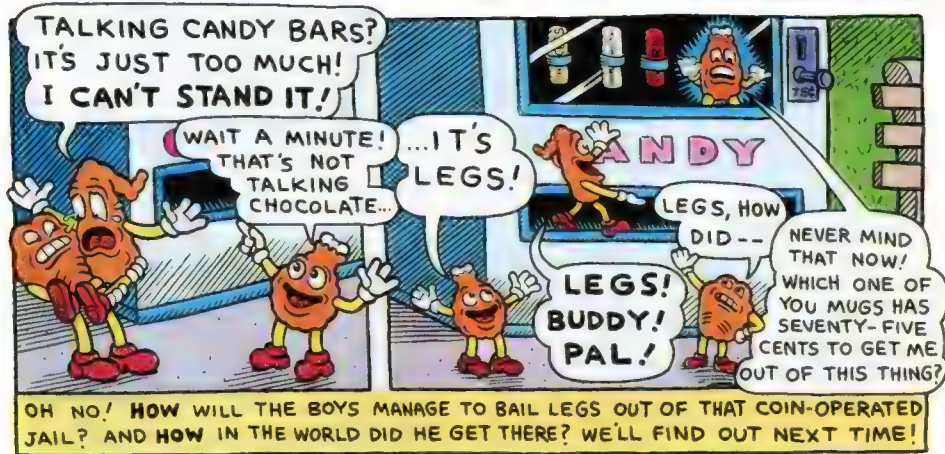
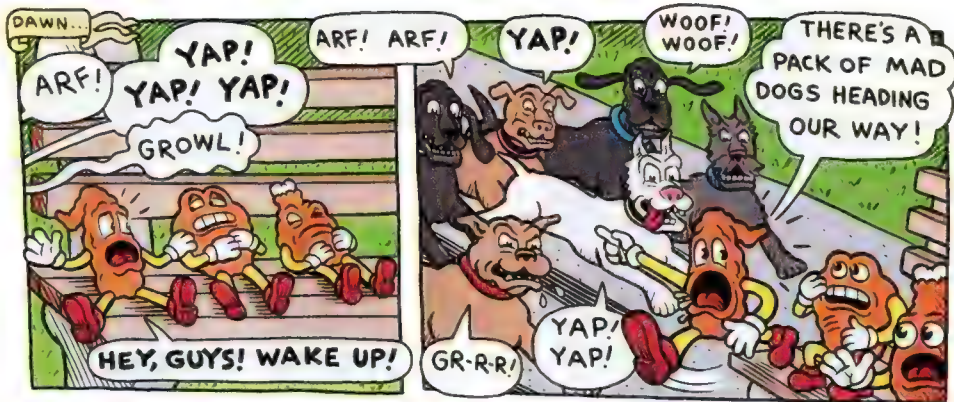


SO YOU WERE HAMMING IT UP, EH? I KNEW THAT PLACE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH FOOD!



AND SO ONWARD INTO THE NIGHT!





OH NO! HOW WILL THE BOYS MANAGE TO BAIL LEGS OUT OF THAT COIN-OPERATED JAIL? AND HOW IN THE WORLD DID HE GET THERE? WE'LL FIND OUT NEXT TIME!

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES

A WING, A THIGH, A BREAST, AND A DRUMSTICK ON THE RUN IN A WORLD THAT HUNGERS FOR THEIR FLESH!

BOOM!
BOOM!

CHESTER!

WING
NUT!

AND
LEGS!

LISTEN, YOU'VE GOT
TO GET ME OUT OF HERE!

LAST TIME, THE BOYS FOUND THEIR
MISSING PAL, LEGS, TRAPPED IN A
CANDY MACHINE IN NEW YORK'S
CENTRAL PARK!

IT ALL STARTED WHEN I POURED OUT OF A SEWER
PIPE AND INTO THE PARK!

BUT HOW
COULD A THING
LIKE THIS
HAPPEN?

WELL, YOU SEE,
IT WAS LIKE THIS...

THE FIRST THING I SAW WAS SOME ANIMALS
EATING SOME POOR SLEEPING SAP'S LUNCH...

WITH A LITTLE "LEG" WORK, I WAS
SOON IN SOLID WITH MY NEW FRIENDS!

THEY
WERE
HAVING
TROUBLE

OPENING A SODA,
AND I SAW MY
CHANCE TO GET IN
ON THE BIG FEED!

WOW! HOW COOL!

YEAH! WE WERE
HAVIN' A BALL...
AT FIRST.

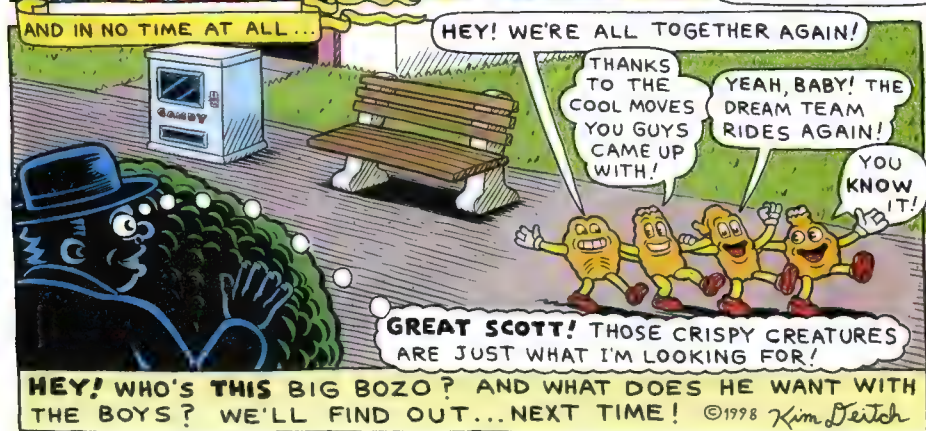
BUT THEN
FOR DESSERT, THEY DECIDED
TO ROB THIS CANDY MACHINE.

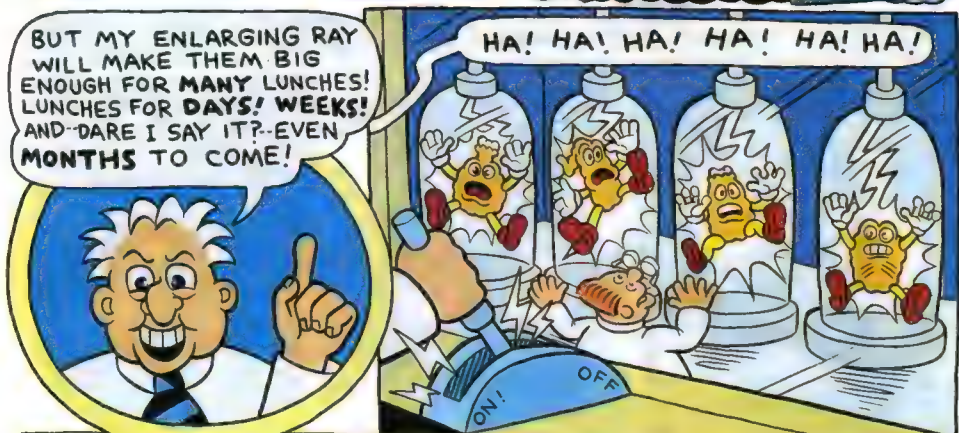
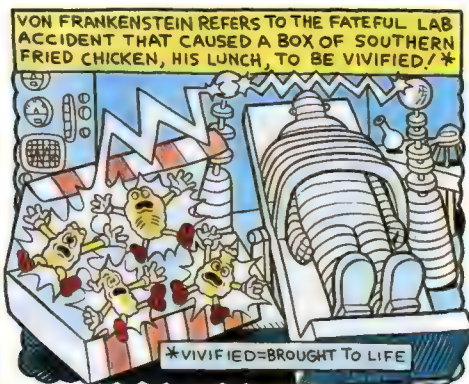
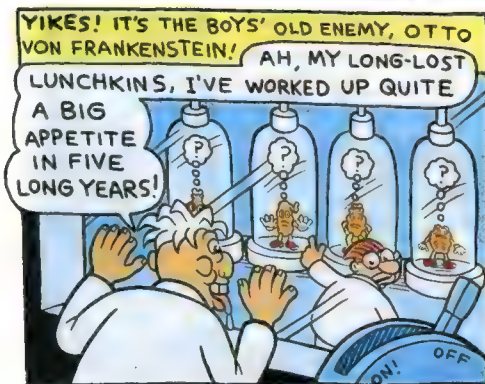
BUT THEY'D ALL EATEN SO MUCH,
NONE OF THEM COULD FIT INTO IT!

AND THAT'S WHEN
THEY THOUGHT OF
LITTLE OLD ME AGAIN!

GOSH! DID
IT WORK?

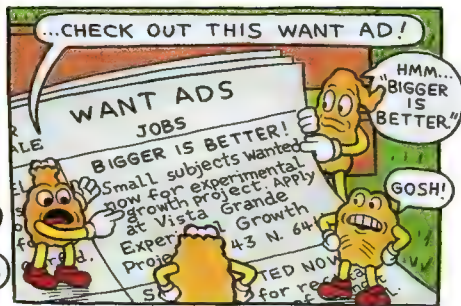
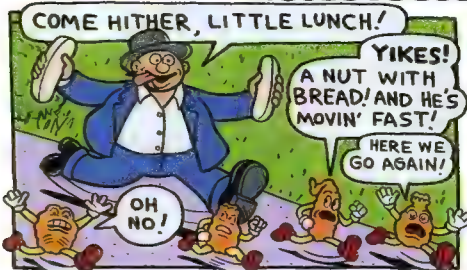
SURE-
FOR A WHILE.
I WAS IN AND OUT OF
HERE WITH CANDY TWO,
THREE, FOUR TIMES!



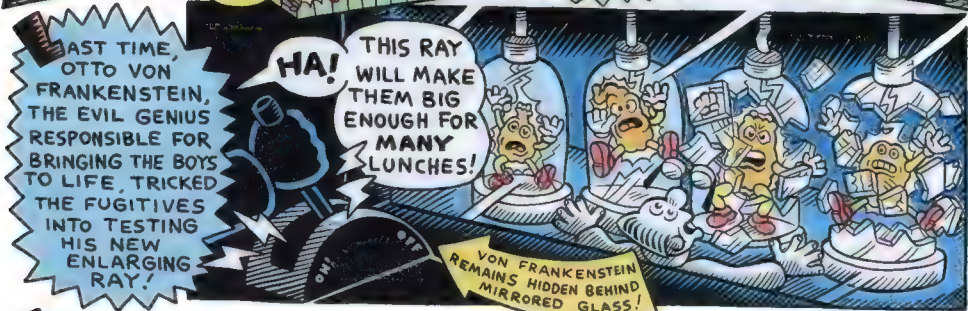


UH-OH! LOOKS LIKE ALL THIS BIG TALK IS LEADING TO A JUMBO ORDER OF TROUBLE (WITH A SIDE OF FRIES)! ©1999 Kim Deitch

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES



SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES



LAST TIME, OTTO VON FRANKENSTEIN, THE EVIL GENIUS RESPONSIBLE FOR BRINGING THE BOYS TO LIFE, TRICKED THE FUGITIVES INTO TESTING HIS NEW ENLARGING RAY!

THE RAY WORKS, BUT VON FRANKENSTEIN GREEDILY ALLOWS IT TO LINGER LONGER ON LEGS!



BIG BEYOND BELIEF, LEGS RAMPAGES THROUGH THE LAB!



UNTIL...

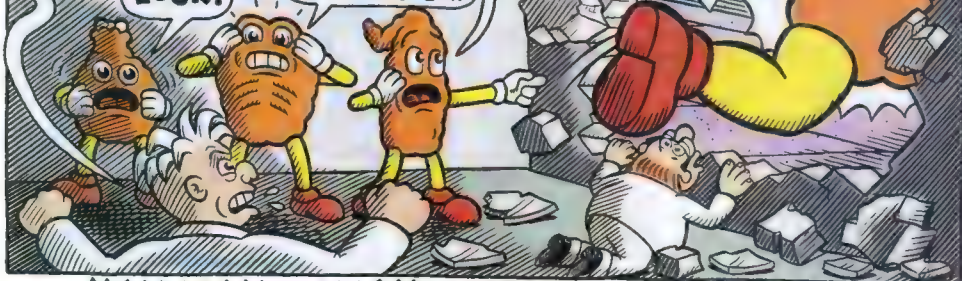
HE'S CRASHING OUT!

STOP!

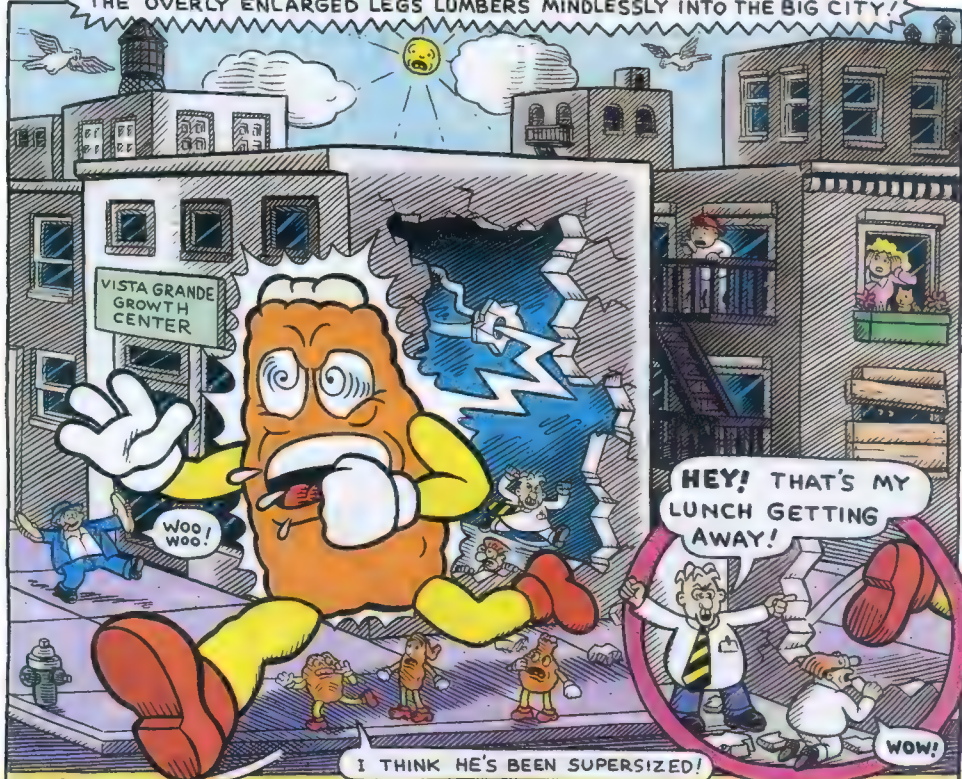
NEVER MIND HIM--
LOOK!

IT'S OTTO VON
FRANKENSTEIN!

CRASH!

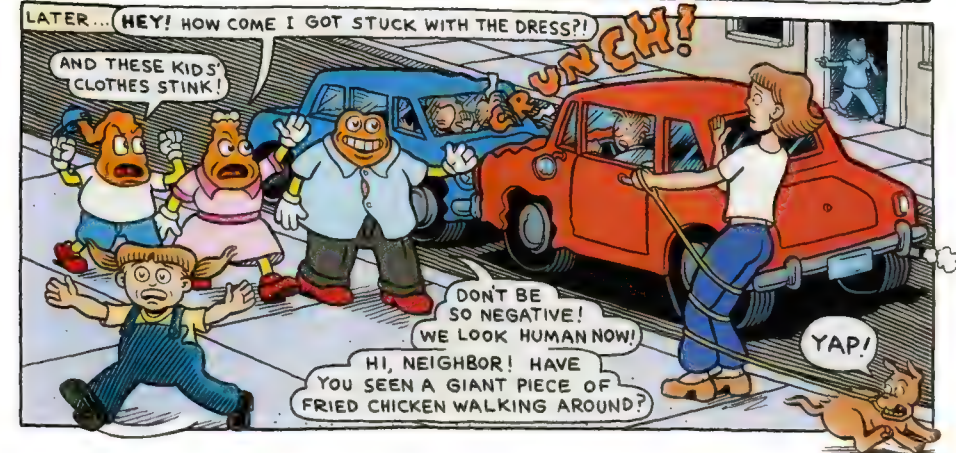
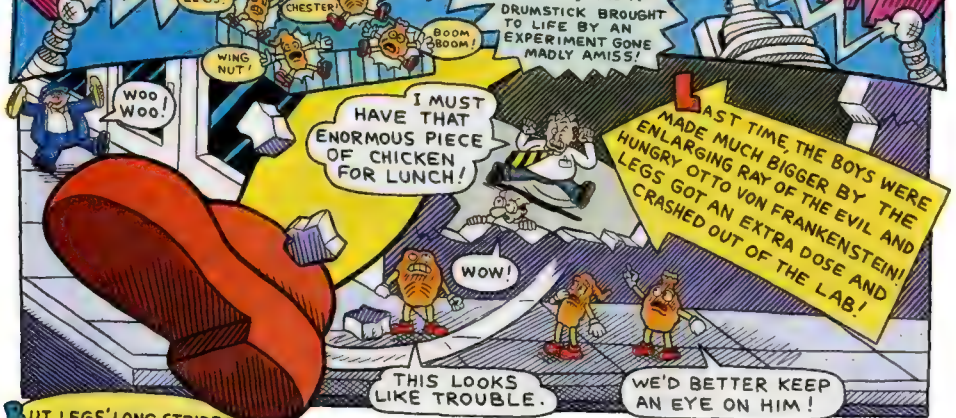


THE OVERLY ENLARGED LEGS LUMBERS MINDLESSLY INTO THE BIG CITY!



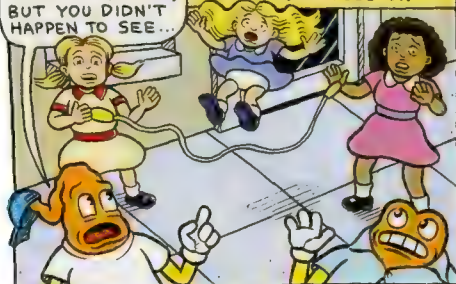
BIG DOINGS NEXT TIME. DON'T MISS IT! ©'99 Kim Ditch

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES

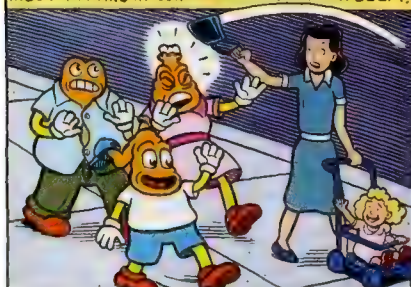


EXCUSE ME, GIRLS,
BUT YOU DIDN'T
HAPPEN TO SEE...

THE LEG HUNT GOES ON...



...BUT FITTING IN CONTINUES TO BE A PROBLEM!



UNTIL... HEY! I THINK THIS BLENDING-IN THING
IS BEGINNING TO WORK!

YEAH, NO ONE'S EVEN NOTICING US
ON THIS STREET!

SO AS I SAY, AND WE'LL
HAVE THE BIGGEST LUNCH
EVER!

WOO
WOO!



NO
WONDER,
LOOK!

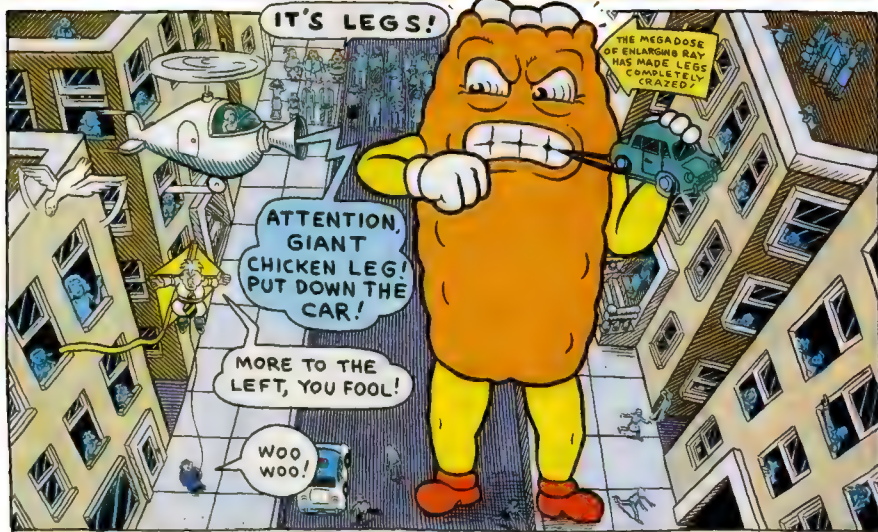
IT'S LEGS!

THE MEGADOSE
OF ENLARGING RAY
HAS MADE LEGS
COMPLETELY
CRAZED.

ATTENTION,
GIANT
CHICKEN LEG!
PUT DOWN THE
CAR!

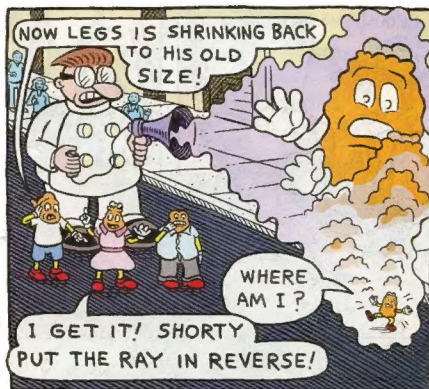
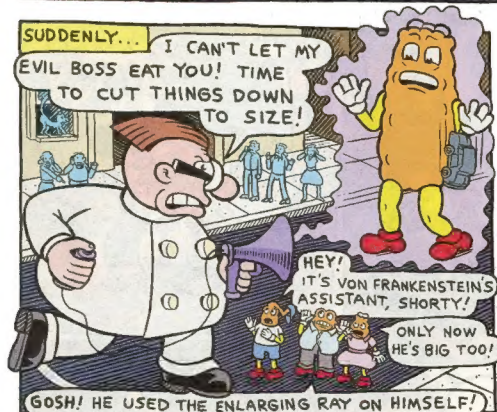
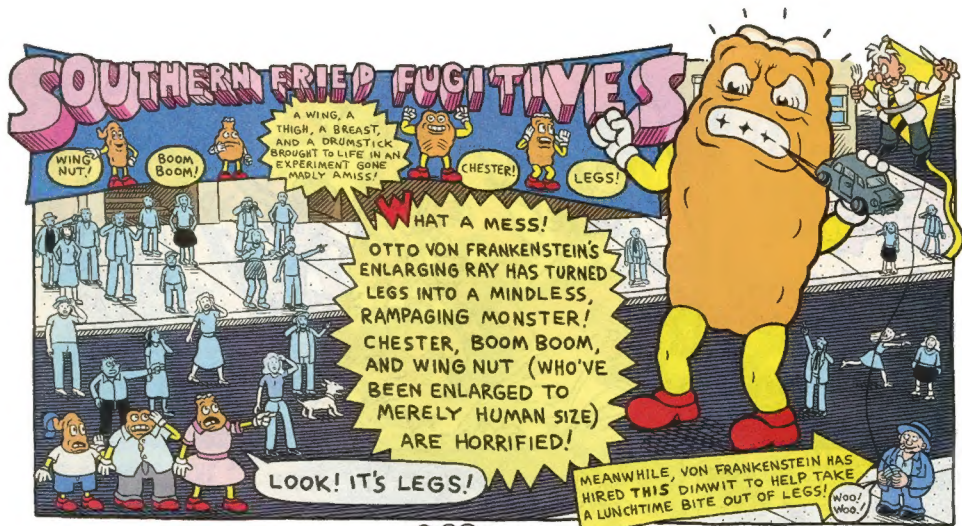
MORE TO THE
LEFT, YOU FOOL!

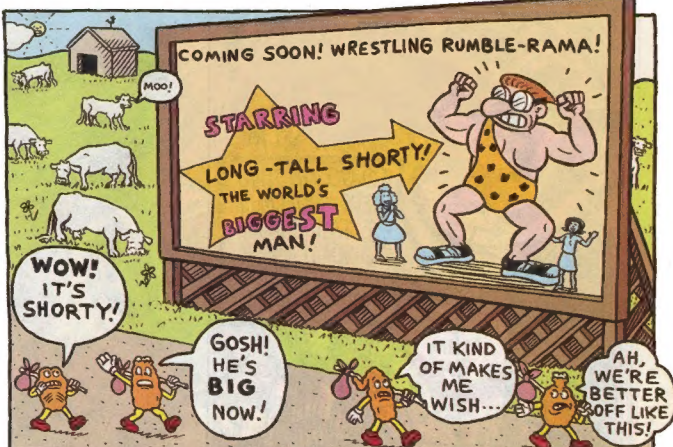
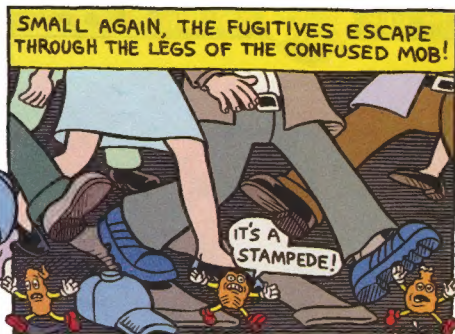
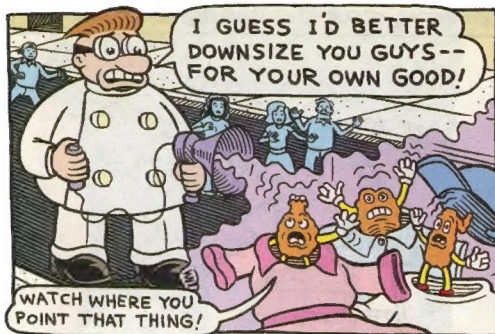
WOO
WOO!



OH BROTHER! LEGS ISN'T EVEN TRYING TO BLEND IN! AND WHAT ABOUT VON FRANKENSTEIN?
WILL HIS MAD QUEST FOR LUNCH FINALLY SUCCEED? FIND OUT NEXT TIME! ©1999

Kim Butch





TALK ABOUT A RIP-OFF! SHORTY HIT THE BIG TIME WHILE THE BOYS' GROWTH SPURT GOT THEM NOTHING BUT TROUBLE. WELL, THEY'RE ON THE OPEN ROAD AGAIN — WHO KNOWS WHERE THEIR QUEST TO FIT IN WILL BRING THEM NEXT?

SOUTHERN FRIED FUGITIVES

LEGS!

CHESTER!

WING NUT!

BOOM BOOM!

REMEMBER WHEN WING NUT WON A MILLION DOLLARS? WELL, NOW HE'S FOUND A USE FOR IT!

ANIMATRONIC AMUSEMENTS INC.

I BOUGHT IT FROM A THEME-PARK SUPPLY COMPANY! WE'LL DO EVERYTHING A REAL KID DOES IN THIS BABY!

AND FIT IN WELL TOO!

DOES THIS MEAN WE'LL HAVE TO GO TO SCHOOL?

SOON, INSIDE THE LIFELIKE ANIMATRONIC FIGURE ...

THERE ARE HIGH-TECH CONTROLS FOR EVERY BODY PART!

GOSH!

SEE! THESE GIZMOS CONTROL THE HEAD!

SINCE I BOUGHT IT, I'LL WORK THE VOICE CONSOLE!

I'LL WORK THE LEGS!

HEY! THAT'S MY DEPARTMENT!

LATER...

YOW!

GET A LOAD OF FRANKENSTEIN JUNIOR!

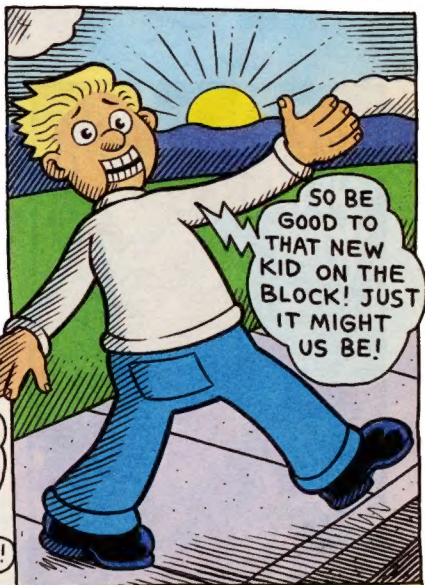
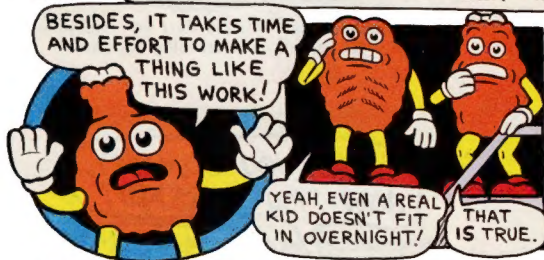
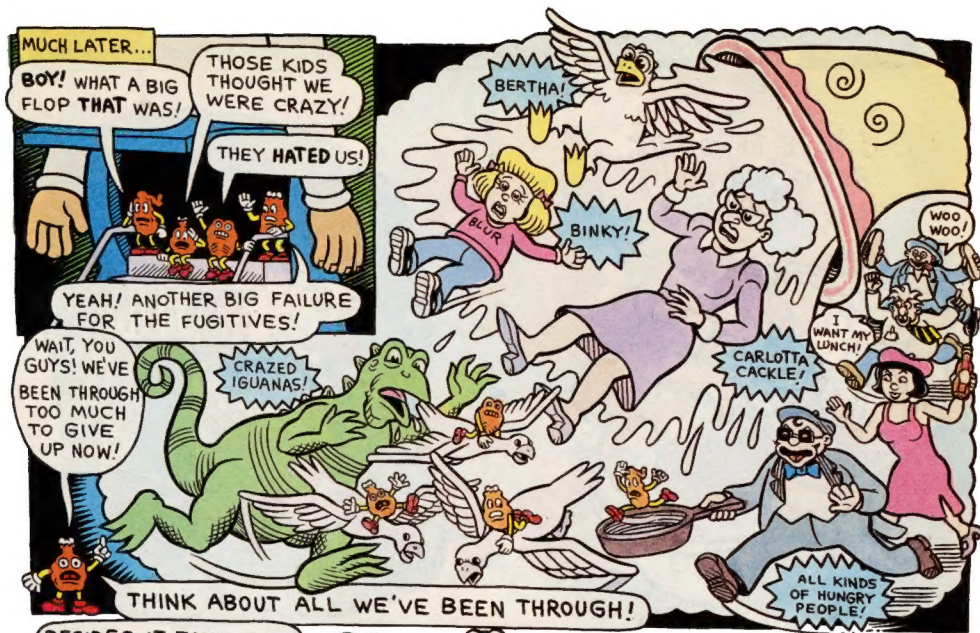
GOSH! THIS VOICE CONSOLE IS TRICKY! OH, WELL. HERE GOES.

HI, GUY! I WANT SHOULD PLAY WE?

LOOK! IT'S ROBO-CLOD!

WAH!

SORRY, THIS IS BASKETBALL. WE'LL CALL YOU IF WE NEED A BASKET CASE.



AND SO WE BID THE BOYS A FOND FAREWELL. WILL THEY FINALLY FIT INTO THE WORLD THAT SPAWNED THEM? OR ARE THEY DESTINED TO BE FOREVER ON THE RUN? GOOD LUCK, BOYS. WE'RE GOING TO MISS YOU!